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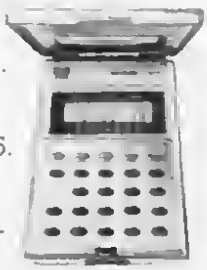


(ST-24)

The LC-78 Mini Card (not shown) is the same size as the Time Card, but contains calculator functions only. $29.95.

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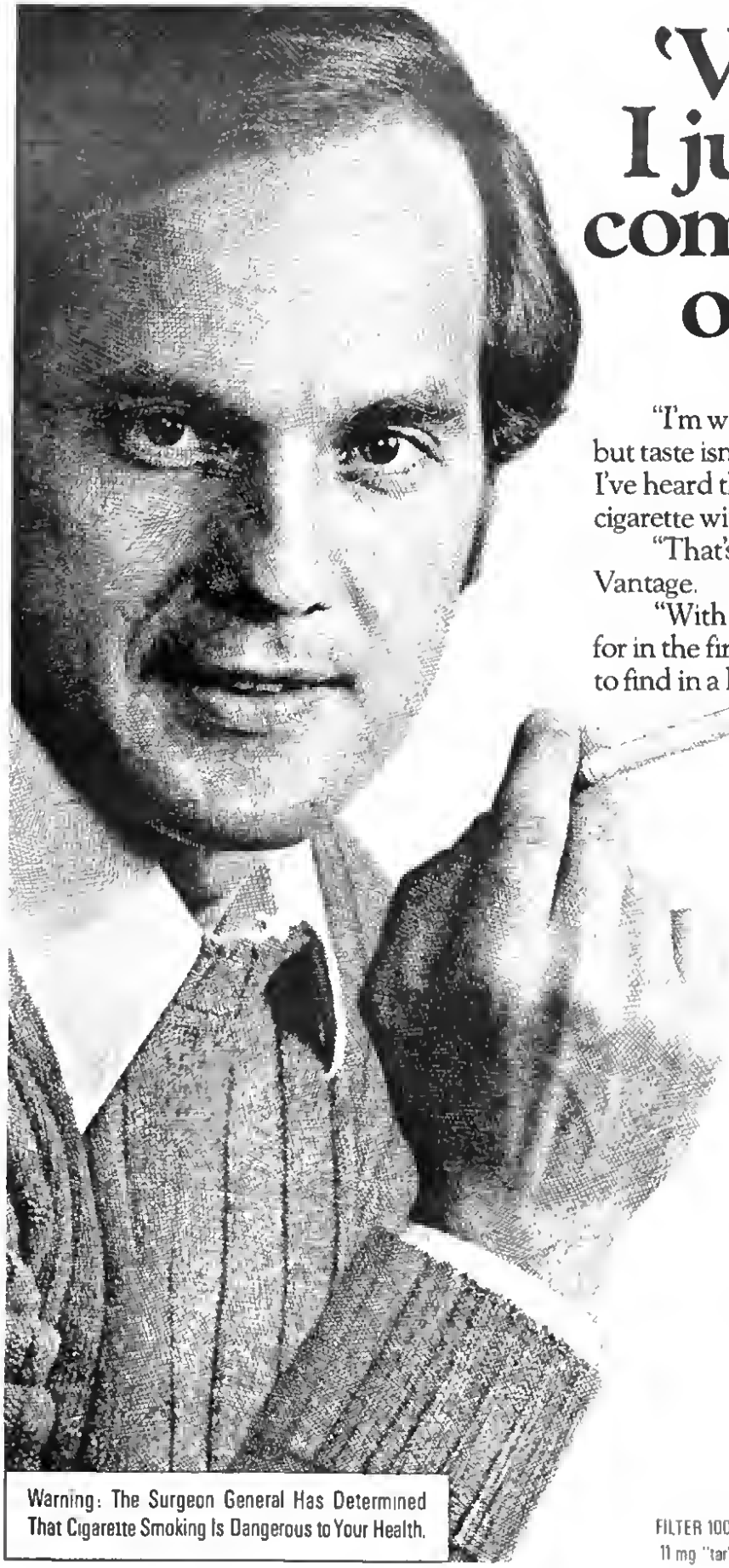
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CRUNCH! Unbeaten Penn State has given up an average of nine points a game while scoring 33 Maryland, also undefeated, averages eight and 27 points. John Underwood relates whose irresistible force conquers whose immoveable object

THE NORTHWEST MIRACLE, PART II It's happening in Seattle, where the SuperSonics are the biggest surprise in the NBA The defending conference champs were supposed to fall apart without Mervin Webster, but haven't By Curry Kirkpatrick

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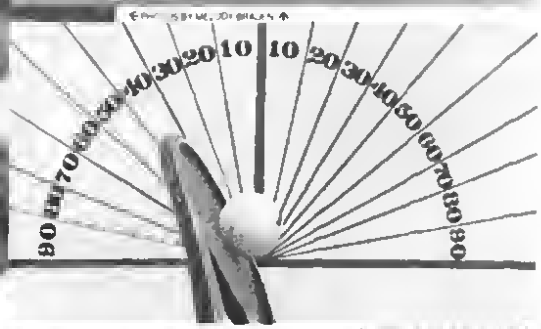
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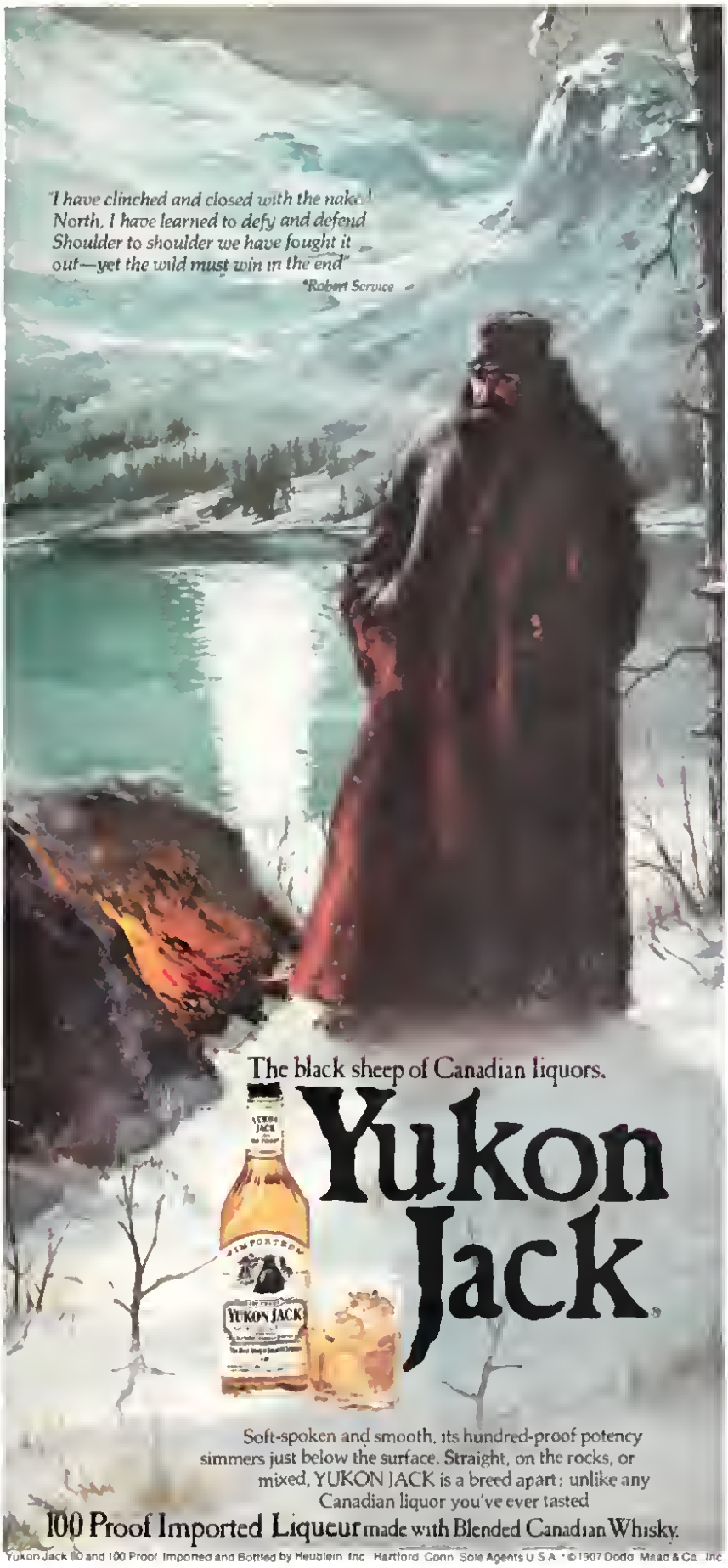
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED FOR CHRISTMAS.



BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

THE COLLEGE BASKETBALL SCANDAL IS DISSECTED IN THIS DEFINITIVE STUDY

The spring of 1951 was the worst time in the history of college basketball and one of the worst in the history of American sports. Beginning with the disclosure by New York District Attorney Frank Hogan's office that members of the Manhattan College team had taken bribes for shaving points, the poison of scandal oozed out from New York into the South and Middle West, ultimately tainting the national championship team from City College of New York and such formidable basketball powers as Bradley, Toledo and Kentucky.

It is a sad story but an engrossing one, and at last it has been told properly, in *Scandals of '51* by Charles Rosen (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $10). Rosen is a former college and semipro basketball player who has written three other books about the game. For this one he has done a lot of digging into newspaper files, he has talked with many of the participants and he has come up with a thorough, penetrating account that is likely to be the definitive version for some time to come.

Rosen sees the story not in terms of heroes and villains, but of people who in one way or another were caught up in a system that almost openly invited corruption. He makes no alibis for those who paid bribes or the players who took them, but he leaves little doubt that the colleges had created an atmosphere of appallingly loose morality. In the words of a judge who tried many of the point-shaving cases:

"I found undeniable evidence of covert subsidization of players, ruthless exploitation of athletes, cribbing on examinations, a reckless disregard for the players' physical welfare, matriculation of unqualified students and demoralization of the athletes by the coach, the alumni and the townspeople."

Or, in the words of a Toledo journalist: "Who is an easier prey than a kid who has gotten an easy buck out of a college being offered another easy buck by someone else?" Even the best of them—Kentucky's Ralph Beard, Long Island University's Sherman White, Bradley's Gene Melchiorre—succumbed to the lure of surreptitious cash in exchange for what seemed no big deal, not actually losing a game, just shaving the margin of victory.

College basketball was shaken by the scandal, and smaller scandals since have emphasized the game's continuing vulnerability. Rosen's level-headed, meticulous book should be read by every college administrator, athletic director, coach and player. END


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VIEWPOINT

by JIM KAPLAN

RACQUETBALL, AN EXCITING GAME FOR PLAYERS, LEAVES SPECTATORS COLD

Racquetball may be the sport of speed and youth, as its adherents claim, but for a spectator the game is usually about as exciting as croquet at a nursing home. After watching a couple of recent tournaments, I have these observations.

1. Scoring is much too slow. Not only do racquetball games go to 21 points, but points are awarded only on serve. This strange custom, which paddleball, badminton, international squash and volleyball also inexplicably follow, causes matches to languish for minutes without any change in score.

2. Rallies are much too brief. Unlike croquet, in which some drama gathers amid the torpor, racquetball's serve-and-shoot rallies are over almost before they begin. A 10-shot point is infrequent.

3. Much of the on-court behavior would embarrass Ilie Nastase. Players are allowed only three time-outs per game, but they take innumerable and unnecessary extra breaks to change gloves, wipe sweat off the floor, yell at opponents and referees, and quote from the Scriptures. In one match, I saw four-time national champion Charlie Brumfield exhibit his middle finger when the lighting didn't please him, sock a ball off his opponent's back and then unveil his underwear when the offended player retaliated in kind. For his transgressions Brumfield went unpunished.

Racquetball is clamoring for television coverage. To get it, several basic changes must be made in the game.

- The players have to clean up their act. There should be strict rules of behavior, firmly enforced. It is a good sign that the lords of racquetball have finally begun to train and certify referees and linespeople. Now they must begin to oust troublemakers.
- A point should be awarded after each rally.
- A way must be found to lengthen the rallies. "I believe that there should be one serve instead of two," says Brumfield, the most perceptive thinker in the game. "That would lessen the number of aces. There should also be a slower and more consistent ball, and a slower floor surface." All worth consideration.

Finally, the sport must make a serious attempt to attract spectators. Tickets to the 1978 nationals in suburban Detroit cost up to $250 for the full eight days and as much as $50 for a single night's action. No wonder most of the fans were players and their friends. Of course, a certain splendid irony can be found in this: today's competitive racquetball is scarcely fit for anyone else's viewing. END

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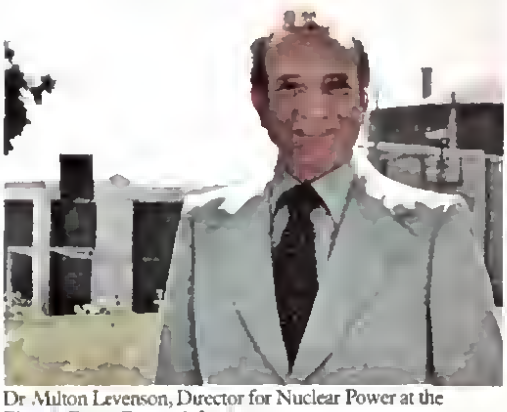
SOLAR HOMES

"To investigate and refine solar heating and cooling systems, we have built five houses on Long Island, and five in Albuquerque, equipped with various combinations of space conditioning and storage systems. We will run more than 100 experiments over the next three to four years to identify the mix of solar energy and other things a homeowner can do in combination with his utility to lower the overall cost.

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NUCLEAR POWER



Dr. Milton Levenson, Director for Nuclear Power at the Electric Power Research Institute.

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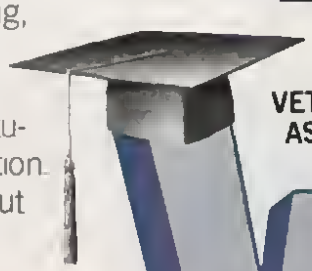
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$75.00 a month	$ 900.00	$1800.00	$2700.00
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$75.00 a month	$1800.00	$3600.00	$5400.00
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COLT COUPE**	40	30
COLT SEDAN**	40	30
COLT WAGON**	37	26

*1 4 litre MCA-Jet engine 4 x 2 manual transmission
**1 6 litre MCA-Jet engine 4-speed manual transmission

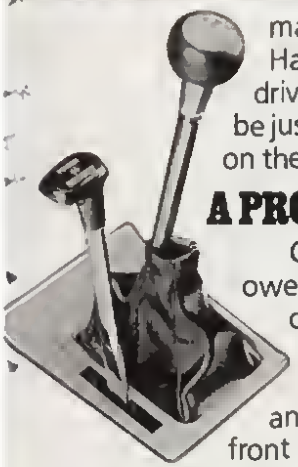
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Passport Scotch

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

A QUESTION OF RESOLVE

World Team Tennis appeared to be on the verge of collapse last week. The New York Apples and Boston Lobsters both suspended operations, reducing the 5-year-old league from 10 teams to eight. And the Seattle Cascades and New Orleans Nets were not answering the phone, fueling rumors that they, too, were going under. Looming over everything was the WTT's problem in lining up talent. Having endured the defections of Jimmy Connors and Bjorn Borg in the past, WTT teams have been unable to win commitments for next year from the stars they *did* have, including Chris Evert, Martina Navratilova, Ilie Nastase and Vitas Gerulaitis.

Whether or not the WTT folds, however, depends on the resolve—and the bankroll—of Jerry Buss, a Los Angeles chemistry-professor-turned-real-estate magnate who exerts tremendous influence on the WTT. If Seattle and New Orleans expire, the WTT would be left with six teams, four of which are to one extent or another under Buss' sway. Buss owns the defending WTT champion Los Angeles Kings. His main partner, Frank Mariani, owns the San Diego Friars. Larry Noble, another partner, owns the Indiana Loves. And Buss and Mariani have a piece of the Anaheim Oranges.

And what does Buss say? He and other WTT officials were scheduled to meet in Los Angeles early this week to discuss the league's future. Meanwhile, he was vowing that the league would keep going. He argues that several WTT franchises are relatively strong; he says, for instance, that despite his failure to sign Evert, L.A. season-ticket sales are running ahead of last year, when the Strings led the league with an average attendance of 7,140.

Nobody doubts that if Buss sticks to his guns, he and his associates could keep the WTT alive in some fashion, perhaps as a predominantly West Coast operation. But would it be worth it? Without big-name stars, or teams in cities like New York and Boston, the "World" in World Team Tennis' name, always a bit of a stretch in what has been a U.S.-only league, would have an even stranger ring.

PREFERABLE EXPLANATION

Through the NFL's first eight weeks, the number of roughing-the-passer calls—mostly for late hits—was up 59% over last season. This presumably indicates that officials are finally cracking down on some of the sport's more blatant violence. That interpretation is certainly preferable to another possible explanation: that defensive players are taking more cheap shots than ever.

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, JOCK

It was 11 years ago that Jock Semple, the flinty Scotsman who has long been the driving force behind the Boston Marathon, forever cast himself as an archvillain in feminist eyes. Old Jock earned his ignominy by dashing onto the course of the '67 race and attempting to rip the number off the back of Kathy Switzer, a young woman who had sneaked into the field of what was then a men-only event. Since then, of course, the Boston classic has gone coed in a big way, and so have other distance races; in the recent New York City Marathon (SI, Oct. 30), there were 1,009 women among the 9,875 participants—and Switzer was on radio with expert commentary.

Semple has always denied harboring ill feelings toward women runners. "I was brought up that a rule's a rule," he says, explaining the Switzer confrontation. Be that as it may, there is no doubting where Semple stands today. Now 75, he was the official starter last month at the Bonne Bell road race in Boston, an all-woman event that attracted 4,524 entrants. "I was agreeably surprised," Semple says of that race. "The women didn't get into arguments the way men do. They were all waving and so happy-looking."

Semple even advocates introduction of a women's marathon at the Olympics. He says, "The women's race could start with the men's. There are only about 100 males in the marathon. They could put 25 to 30 good women marathoners in there, too. I would like to see it but I don't know if I will. Some of the officials are so fuddy-duddy."

OPERATION QUARANTINE

Soccer officials in the gray textile-producing center of Bradford, England (pop. 288,000) had a problem. Bradford City, the local entry in the English football league's lowly fourth division, was playing home games before depressingly small crowds, consisting mostly, or so it seemed, of young rowdies. Then last summer Bradford City officials paid a visit to the Fort Lauderdale Strikers, a North



American Soccer League team that attracts a respectable family crowd by throwing parties for fans, giving flowers to the ladies, and the like. Impressed, the English visitors invited Ken Small, at the time the Strikers' marketing director, to introduce U.S.-style promotions that might draw bigger—and more wholesome—crowds in Bradford.

That proved easier said than done, as Small conceded last week following a three-week stay in Bradford. Small, who recently became marketing director for the NASL's new Atlanta Chiefs, said, "You just can't get away with American promotions over there. The Bradford fans care only about winning, and it's when they lose that the fighting is worst. They don't care about frills."

Everything considered, it was probably lucky that Small was not run out of Bradford. Even before he arrived, club officials tried introducing cheerleaders, an adornment they had seen in Fort Lau-

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derdale. Although the girls selected were mostly 12- and 13-year-olds, the crowd greeted them with obscene chants, and the cheerleading corps was promptly disbanded. And when Small suggested setting off aerial fireworks after each Bradford City goal, a stunt that had been a success in Fort Lauderdale, club officials balked. "They knew the fans would be angry that the club had spent money on fireworks instead of on new players," Small said.

One idea Small did implement was an organization that rabid young fans could join at no charge. Members of this ironically named "City Gents Club" were given their own section in the stands and lulled while there with pregame and postgame giveaways; for example, a drawing was held 30 minutes before kickoff, with winners receiving such prizes as a dinner with a favorite player. This was one frill the Bradford fans went for, and while the scheme didn't immediately increase attendance, it did curtail some of the behavior that had scared away upstanding citizens. Bradford toughs used to spend their time before and after games beating up fans of the visiting team. Now, thanks to what might be called "Operation Quarantine," many of them shun the rough stuff and wait in the stands for the raffle results.

GARDEN PARTY

Also concerned about unruly fans was fight promoter Don King, who staged a seven-bout program Friday night at Madison Square Garden, which had been the scene of recent fan violence at boxing events. To soothe the beast in the 16,136 fans, King trotted out 14 leotard-clad artistes of the dance who performed in the ring to the accompaniment of a 10-piece band, and who also took turns holding up signs indicating the round. King, who was promoting his first boxing card for the Garden, theorized that the fans would chivalrously refrain from raining chairs and bottles on or about the ring—a common practice in the past—if they knew that young women were in the vicinity. And, indeed, few if any missiles were hurled.

Unfortunately, the presence of King's Queens, as the dancing girls were billed, did nothing to protect fans from one another. Late in the evening an argument broke out in the Garden's far reaches. Before things calmed down, two men had been knifed, the alleged knife-wielder was shot in the chest (he was hospitalized in fair condition) and a woman was cut in the face by a bottle as she and other fans, frightened by the gunshot, surged for the exits. While all this was going on, a 10-rounder between junior welterweights Adolfo Viruet and Bruce Curry droned on somewhere far below. For the benefit of those who left early, Viruet won on points.

BUT WILL THEY HAVE CHEERLEADERS?

Here we go again and where we're going this time is Paris, Rio de Janeiro, Teheran and Mexico City. Those, anyway, are some of the cities that Los Angeles real-estate man Jack Heller insists will be in a new international football league that he means to launch in 1980. And to get things off to a nice start, Heller has made Bert Jones a $5 million, five-year offer to quarterback the league's Los Angeles franchise.

"I'd be a fool not to listen to a $1 million-a-year offer," allows the Colt quarterback, who nevertheless admits to being worried about the wear and tear of, say, a Rio to L.A. to Teheran road trip. (The Teheran team, by the way, would be known as the Iranian Oil Barons). Heller claims to represent a group of European and Middle Eastern investors, and while he won't divulge any names, he does say, "My guys are very wealthy. They all love football. And they all want to get into it."

Heller has been in the news before. Last summer he offered to buy the Los Angeles Rams for $50 million, only to be turned down cold by owner Carroll Rosenbloom, who said that the club wasn't for sale. That is just one of many offers Rosenbloom has received for the Rams. "We got one just recently for $65 million," he says. "It was reportedly all cash. But the wire came collect."

HIKE

In 1967 a young football player named Joey Wojcieszak became the starting center at Martin County High School in Stuart, Fla. When Joey graduated two years later, his brother Kim took over at center for two years, after which two more Wojcieszak boys, Davie and Donovon, successively manned the position for two seasons each. A non-Wojcieszak sneaked in to play center for one year before Jerry Wojcieszak came along. Now a senior, Jerry is completing his second season as starting center at Martin County High, which has 3,000 students and a respectable football tradition.

One might assume that the Martin County High Tigers have a headstrong coach who simply decided early on that Wojcieszaks make good centers and has clung stubbornly to that conviction all these years. On the contrary, the five Wojcieszak boys have played for five different coaches. There are two more Wojcieszak brothers coming along. 15-year-old Randy and 11-year-old John, and *they* play center, too. If both become regulars at Martin County High, it will mean that Wojcieszaks, who have already held down the position for 11 of the last 12 years, would run that to 15 of 16. Then the string figures to break, the family's eighth and last child being the only girl, Ika Mae, now eight.

"Maybe it's born in us," says Jerry of the Wojcieszak brothers' affinity for center. And maybe he's right. The brood's father, Joseph Wojcieszak, who died last March, was a high school center in his native Chicago in the '40s.

GREAT DEBATE

Bob Short, Democratic candidate for the U.S. Senate from Minnesota (SCORECARD, Oct. 23), was in Washington, D.C. the other day on a fund-raising trip. Short, who once owned the Washington Senators, was immediately confronted by irate fans who had not forgotten that he was the one who moved the club to Texas. Meeting with one of his most vocal detractors, a bartender who calls himself "Baseball Bill" Holdforth, Short tried to argue that his ownership of the Senators had its beneficent side. At one point he asked, "Who else could have convinced Ted Williams to manage in Washington?"

Holdforth eyed Short coolly and replied, "Right, and you did give us Panty Hose Night. You guaranteed we'd see some runs."

And you thought Lincoln-Douglas was something.

THEY SAID IT

- John Wayne, on why he gave up bowling: "There weren't many alleys that would let me come back. I have an overhand delivery."
- Al McGuire, retired Marquette basketball coach: "I come from New York where if you fall down, someone will pick you up by your wallet." **END**

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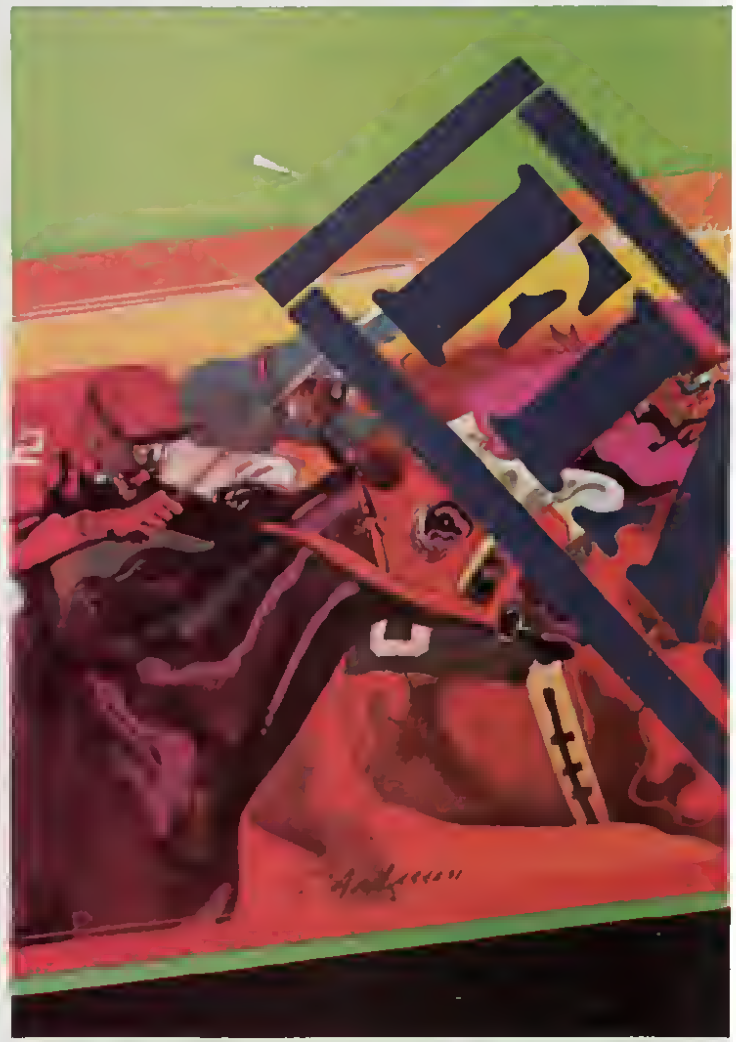
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Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 6, 1978

RACING'S BIG



Thoroughbred racing is facing what appears to be its biggest crisis—a series of grand jury investigations in several states involving testimony about fixed races, hidden ownership of horses and druggings. Hundreds of witnesses, ranging from veterinarians, stewards and owners to some of the most successful jockeys and trainers in the country, have been questioned or have been under surveillance by federal and state law-enforcement agencies. Current and former famous jockeys such as Angel Cordero Jr., Jorge Velasquez, Braulio Baeza, Jacinto Vasquez, Mickey Solomone, Mike Venezia, Eddie Belmonte and Con Errico are among dozens under investigation.

The key witness against them is Tony Ciulla (pronounced shoo-la), a 6′ 3″, 320-pound career fixer and the acknowledged mastermind behind the wholesale rigging, who is now under federal protection. Ciulla's testimony before a recent U.S. grand jury in Detroit helped bring about the seven-count indictment of eight co-conspirators, including jockeys Billy Phelps and Larry Kunitake and Trainer Michael Marion, for allegedly fixing races at Detroit Race Course and Hazel Park in 1973.

In New Jersey, Jockey Ralph Baker and Trainer John Salvaggio have pleaded guilty to charges of race fixing masterminded by Ciulla at Garden State Park in 1974 and 1975, and a State Superior Court jury in Mount Holly, N.J. is hearing testimony in a race-fixing case based on evidence primarily supplied by Ciulla.

Jockeys Kevin Daly, Paul Kallai, Frank Verardi, Steve Plomchok, Jesus Guadalupe and Ralph Ortiz Jr. are defendants, along with trainers Tony Famiglietti, Mickey Crock and Louis DePasquale.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation and the U.S. Department of Justice Organized Crime Strike Force have been working on various race-rigging cases since 1973, but the fixing was on such a massive scale that it has taken until now to fit the whole scheme together. By his own admission, Ciulla fixed several hundred races at 39 tracks across the country and was most active in the New York area between 1972 and 1975. His crew of intermediaries and runners was so large, the FBI discovered, that it cost Ciulla $6,000 a week for motel rooms, food, liquor, telephone calls and travel expenses.

Ciulla says his customary method of operation was to make sure certain horses—favorites when possible—lost so that he could win on long shots in exactas or trifectas. He claims that by means of bribes—as much as $6,000 for Cordero, who has won the Kentucky Derby twice, and as little as a couple of hundred dollars for lesser jockeys—he could control races such as the ninth at Aqueduct on April 7, 1975.

SCANDAL

Tony Ciulla says he fixed hundreds of races—some by bribing top jockeys such as Angel Cordero Jr. and Jorge Velesquez. The Organized Crime Strike Force is investigating **by BILL SURFACE**



ILLUSTRATION BY ROY ANDERSEN

In that race, according to Ciulla, by bribing the jockeys to hold their horses back, he eliminated four horses, among them three of the leading choices, horses that most knowledgeable bettors would include when they tried to select the exact one-two-three finish to win the trifecta. Then Ciulla put only "live" horses in his $18 "box" tickets. Box tickets give the bettor every possible combination of three horses—and therefore a winning ticket no matter in what order the three horses finish—as long as they're among the first three. In order to maximize profits and to give Ciulla more options he also made other bets on the live horses.

According to Ciulla, Baeza kept Ham, the favorite, in fifth place, although with some difficulty; Velasquez put Bostons Boy in sixth; Cordero brought Saratoga Prince in 10th; and Venezia finished 11th and last on Sassy Prince. The payoff should have told people something. Ordinarily, the lucky bettors who had selected the unlikely winning combination would have received upwards of $3,000 per ticket. But the 475 or so tickets that Ciulla's runners bought on the winning combination reduced the trifecta's payoff to $632, giving him and his partners a net of about $200,000 from the mutuel pool of $539,206. The investment was between $20,000 and $25,000 in bribes and $48,000 in tickets, Ciulla says.

To hear Ciulla tell it, few, if any, riders could pull a horse as skillfully as Cordero could. "He'd have you thinking he was pumping and whipping and hustling more than anybody else in the race," Ciulla says, "but Cordero would almost be breaking the horse's jaw with his left hand and only fanning the horse with his whip. And Cordero always did the job, even if a few of those races looked suspicious." One such ride, Ciulla says, came in the ninth race at Aqueduct on April 10, 1975. "Cordero practically bent Greek Holiday in half to keep him out of the trifecta," says Ciulla.

Some of the races that Ciulla says he rigged at Aqueduct that spring did not go unnoticed, however. The New York State Racing and Wagering Board questioned John Cotter, a New York trainer, about drug and claiming violations for which he was subsequently fined $1,000. In the course of the questioning Cotter testified that he had seen horses pulled in New York.

"By whom?" the attorney for the board asked.

"By the jockeys."

"Give me the name of the jockeys."

"Cordero, No. 1," said Cotter.

Cordero immediately denied the charges in the press, claiming that "Cotter's comments are so stupid that I have no answer. Look at my record. I made over $200,000 each of the last three years. I'm the second-leading money-winner for the last four years. My heart is clean."

continued

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In his appearance before the Racing and Wagering Board, Cotter also testified that Mike Hole, a jockey whose death by asphyxiation on April 22, 1976 was reported a suicide by Long Island parkway police, had been offered $5,000 to pull one of Cotter's horses at Saratoga during the 1974 meeting. Ciulla says he made the offer through one of his intermediaries, first proposing $5,000 and then $10,000, but Hole turned him down. Cotter, learning of the bribe attempt from Hole, reported it to Warren Mehrtens, a steward, and the information was passed on to the State Racing and Wagering Board, the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau and then the FBI, according to a member of the Racing and Wagering Board.

William Christmas, a Maryland trainer who knew Hole well, says that Hole had spoken of the bribe attempt to him, as well, but Christmas would not elaborate. And a still active jockey, a close friend of Hole's who asked that his name be withheld, also confirmed the attempt.

Cotter then testified that "top riders" were involved in "cutting things up themselves ... " adding that he had kept a file on several of these races. He now says he no longer has the file. As provocative as Cotter's testimony was, no action was taken because proof was so elusive. But presumably Ciulla's crew was hard at work offering bribes, and now the Justice Department has Ciulla.

The FBI has a number of reports of meetings between Ciulla and Cordero. And Ciulla says he will testify before a federal grand jury in New York that on several occasions, through intermediaries, he paid Cordero, Velasquez, Baeza, Venezia, Vasquez and Belmonte between $3,000 and $6,000 a race to hold horses. Ciulla also says there were times the price went up to $8,000 for key horses.

The FBI also has phone and surveillance records and recordings of Ciulla's meetings with Errico, who is no longer riding, that were made at motels near Belmont Park. Errico, whom Ciulla describes as his main intermediary with jockeys in New York, would meet Ciulla for the list of horses he wanted held. Then, Ciulla says, Errico would meet with the riders at the morning workout, or at a restaurant, or even in the jockeys' room, to bargain the amount of the bribes. In addition to Cordero, Ciulla says, the jockeys on whom he could most rely were Velasquez, Venezia, Vasquez and Baeza, although he says Baeza lost his nerve twice when he felt the stewards at Belmont Park were watching him in the stretch.

All of these jockeys, as well as the others, past and present, named by Ciulla, deny his accusations. After all, they were among the top money-winners. But, Ciulla says, "They were getting cash. It doesn't show on taxes. And these guys lead a fast life. They like to live big." He also has told federal authorities that his intermediaries paid off some jockeys in cash and at other times with cocaine.

Ciulla's beneficence was such a windfall to some jockeys that they regretted seeing him leave an area. For example, Ciulla says that on May 27, 1975, the closing day of New Jersey's Garden State spring meeting, he had Jockey Kevin Daly, acting as paymaster, give $1,500 to Verardi, $800 to Guadalupe, $800 to Ortiz and, because he was riding a 2-to-1 favorite and wouldn't sell cheap, $3,000 to Solomone. All of these jockeys had mounts in the ninth race. Ortiz finished fifth, Solomone seventh, Guadalupe eighth and Verardi ninth and last. Once Ciulla got the net from the trifecta tickets, which paid $239.70 apiece, he wisely realized that he had been around the area long enough and that the owner of the horse that Solomone rode would undoubtedly complain about the race, which he did—to the police.

Now 35, Ciulla was born in Boston, the son of a hardworking fish merchant who was an avid horseplayer. Ciulla practically grew up on the hot dogs that his father passed to him through the wire fence around Suffolk Downs, children not being allowed at the track then.

By the time Ciulla was 19 the racetrack held no romantic visions for him, and he and some older acquaintances were using drugs, jockeys and trainers to fix races at fairs in Great Barrington, Berkshire Downs and Northampton. Subsequently, he and an expanded crew moved their operations to Suffolk Downs, Rockingham, Lincoln Downs and Narragansett, and by the time he was 26 the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau had barred Ciulla from entering the 55 tracks the TRPB policed. Over the years the bureau alerted police and track officials on how Ciulla operated from off-track bases in Delaware, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Florida. Still, he was hard to stop.

"In Maryland we fixed races at Bowie, Laurel, Pimlico and even little Timonium," Ciulla says. "Dozens and dozens of races at Delaware Park. Pennsylvania? At Liberty Bell, Keystone, Penn National and, in the biggest laugh of all, when I took my family on a vacation in the mountains and stopped at Pocono Downs. That was like shooting fish in a barrel."

Undoubtedly, Ciulla would have cashed many more tickets on fixed races if Peter Fantini, a New Jersey jockey, had shown more skill in trying to hold a horse in the ninth race on July 4, 1975 at Atlantic City. Detective Sergeant Karl Kaufmann of the New Jersey State Police Intelligence Bureau says, "No wonder there's nobody anywhere who'll argue that Ciulla isn't the No. 1 race fixer of all time. We'd never have got him if this Fantini hadn't jerked his reins so hard that he came out of the gate like it's the Lone Ranger's horse."

Called before suspicious stewards at Atlantic City, Fantini became the first jockey to reveal that horses were being held for Ciulla. At the time, Fantini's agent, Louis Menna, was being questioned by the police for passing bad checks, and he wanted a trade. If the police would drop the investigation of Menna, he and Fantini would tell about the fixer—they only knew him as "Tony"—operating from penthouse suites 302A and 302B at the Flamingo Motel in Atlantic City.

When Fantini arrived at the motel on the night of July 16, 1975, Ciulla didn't suspect the jockey wore a body recorder that transmitted their conversation to a car where Kaufmann and Detective John Carney taped it. Ciulla had reason to speak with confidence. A few days earlier, he says now, he had even given Fantini a $1,000 bonus for holding a heavily favored horse, Very Brave. He also says he had given J. P. Verrone, the jockey who was his principal intermediary at Atlantic City, $3,000 to divide with three other riders to pull their horses.

During the hour-long conversation, the recording reveals that Fantini lamented about the "heat over a couple of odds-on chalks getting beat." He drew Ciulla's instant reaction: "When you're stealing, you've got to take heat. The two thousand I'm giving you is better than having $35 at the end of the week."

Brazenly, Fantini asked for a $100 advance on the next "8-to-5 shot" that he would hold. Then he asked how he could



Cordero (left) and Velasquez usually are happy to win, but convicted fixer Ciulla claims they were happy to lose on the occasions when the price was right

improve his holding techniques. "None of that bull . . . just diving off a horse like you're in a swimming pool," Ciulla snapped. They discussed which jockeys and trainers would or would not fix a race. "We've got an army full of people holding," Verrone said.

Until then the New Jersey state police only suspected that Ciulla was the head of a team that had used tranquilizers, jockeys and trainers to fix dozens of races in New Jersey during 1974 and 1975. But the recording of the Fantini conversation helped convict Ciulla on six counts of conspiracy to commit sports bribery and he was sentenced to four to six years.

It wasn't Ciulla's first contact with the police during his fixing career. In 1971 he wound up in trouble when Bobby Byrne—who would later detail his own career as a race fixer before the Select Committee on Crime of the U.S. House of Representatives—was caught by police climbing the fence at Suffolk Downs with hypodermic needles and syringes. Byrne, who had been a runner for Ciulla, told on his former boss and his crew of veterinarians, exercise boys and jockeys. Ciulla was convicted of drugging horses in Massachusetts and bribing racing officials in Rhode Island. Byrne's testimony in Washington also alluded to a jockey who helped him set up the fixed races. ". . . He is in charge of the—like the Jockeys' Guild in the New England area. And he happens to be the thousand-dollar guy. You would have to pay him a thousand dollars up front." Ciulla maintains the jockey is Norman Mercier, who has been a vice-president of the Jockeys' Guild for New England since 1969, and who claims he doesn't know Ciulla.

As Ciulla sat in his prison cell on the Atlantic City conspiracy charges, he began to get nervous about the five more years looming in the Rhode Island case. At the same time, Thomas Daly, an FBI agent in Boston, was developing a major case involving a conspiracy to fix races in at least six states. Next, members of the Pennsylvania state police began pointing accusing fingers at Ciulla. "I knew before I got out of jail I'd be as dead as Man O' War," Ciulla says.

Kaufmann and Thomas Daly then made Ciulla an offer. If he would testify in grand jury proceedings and trials in the six states, he probably would have to serve only a little more than 20 months of the four- to six-year Atlantic City sentence and other charges would be dropped. The U.S. Department of Justice would give him immunity from any further prosecution—except for lying under oath. And eventually the U.S. Marshal Service would relocate Ciulla. Ciulla accepted the offer and is now a member of the Federal Witness Program, with a new identity.

While he was operating, Ciulla had to learn which jockeys would pull and which would not at a specific track. Even a few hard-up riders at Rockingham refused to hold horses. On rare occasions a supposedly "safe" fixed jockey would be unable to deliver. This happened in the ninth race at Garden State on Dec. 21, 1974, Ciulla says, when Kallai lost the reins on Way to Reason and yelled

continued

to Jockey Ralph Baker, whose mount was ranging alongside, to hit the horse in the face "to stop this ——." Baker obliged, but Way to Reason couldn't be stopped. Ciulla has testified that Kallai told him what had happened, and Baker offered confirmation.

Hearing that he had cost Ciulla $10,000, Kallai volunteered to compensate by keeping an even-money favorite off the board in a race he was to ride the next day at Keystone. Ciulla, who knew that the favorite in a trifecta draws about 60% of the betting, was agreeable. He said he and Kevin Daly got three other riders in the race to hold their horses. "I won the trifecta," Ciulla has testified, "and I gave Kallai a $2,000 tip."

One thing Ciulla learned quickly in his career was not to depend on a battery, a device which gives a horse a moderate shock; drugs were safer. Exercise boys used batteries on hundreds of horses for him, but only one horse, Robert Kope, secretly owned by Ciulla, responded to it. If you can't make a horse win, Ciulla says, you can certainly make him lose, and he experimented with countless drugs. He claims that one of his crew, a man named Oscar Friedman, also known as "Fat Jerry" and "Dr. Mule," who was one of the eight individuals recently indicted in Detroit, always got him the latest drug that a chemist bootlegged from drug laboratories. Not all drugs worked. Ciulla found cocaine and Sublimaze useless, and once at Detroit Race Course he recalls, "I gave a filly a drug that was guaranteed to 'finesse' her nervous system. It killed her."

Acepromazine, a tranquilizer, was a standby. But grooms who were afraid to touch a needle were happy to take $100 or so to tuck tiny vials of mercury into a horse's ankle bandages. The heavy mercury affects the horse's balance. During the ninth race at Aqueduct on May 22, 1970, Mincing Lane wobbled so badly that Cordero pulled him up so the horse would not break down. "This time Cordero didn't know the race was fixed," says Ciulla.

But druggings were only one phase of Ciulla's operations. He would use almost any method—and any opportunity—to do business. For example, he played several tricks with a horse called Heed the Call. The horse ran under the silks of Fred P. Meagher, a wealthy suburban Philadelphia contractor, and was trained by Wayne Leasure, who, according to TRPB reports, had been an associate of Ciulla and Ciulla's crew. On Labor Day 1975 Meagher had a large party at Keystone to see Heed the Call run, because Ciulla says he had guaranteed him a win when Meagher bought the horse. Meagher had the satisfaction of watching his horse win, and Ciulla, who guaranteed the win by stopping several horses in the race, had the satisfaction of cashing trifecta tickets that paid $363.60.

In his various, and widespread, dealings with trainers, Ciulla always expected cooperation, because, as he says, "Any trainer with the sense God gave a goose had to know what I did, and that they'd come out smelling like a rose."

When Johnny Campo, a prominent trainer, appeared before the Detroit grand jury, he was asked why—whether or not he understood what subsequently happened—he sold horses that were then placed under "straws," or secret owners, and used to fix races, as all Ciulla's horses were used.

Ciulla says he had a close connection with Campo. They had hit it off early when Campo sold him Eligible, one of Elmendorf Farm's 3-year-old colts, for, Ciulla says, "only $1,000 if I'd put him down for $5,000 of the 'play' on the first race I did." Ciulla delivered. Eligible had impressive breeding—he was by Lucky Debonair, the 1965 Kentucky Derby winner—but sore feet, so Ciulla says he sold him for $8,000 at Sportsman's Park and had the jockey pull him in the next race. "We watched the suckers bet their lungs on Eligible until the stewards detected an erratic betting pattern and delayed the race," Ciulla says. "We stalled our bets, the race went off, and the money we got—even though the perfecta paid only $84—must have filled a grocery bag."

The Illinois Racing Board says it still has an "open" file on that race—the fourth at Sportsman's Park on Nov. 18, 1974. "We had a tip before the race that something wasn't right, and there were 14 federal and state agents at the track," says Bill Masterson, the Racing Board's secretary. "But we never were able to prove anything."

Perhaps the most satisfactory deal Ciulla pulled began when he paid Campo $26,000 for Spread the Word, a sound gelding who had run well in New York. He says he and Campo listed the price on a fake bill of sale (which named another person as owner) as $15,000 in order to lower the value of the horse when he raced. "Even Campo insisted that I'd never pull off my plan," Ciulla says. "My plan was to make Spread the Word a counterfeit $3,000 horse."

The plan was long range. At Rockingham, Ciulla had Spread the Word pulled so he ran 18 lengths behind mediocre horses. Then at two-week intervals he arranged to have the horse finish seventh and ninth at Rockingham. For the next two months Ciulla had Spread the Word work out at a half-mile training track outside North Reading, Mass., where no clocker could see how well the horse could really run.

After a claiming race at Penn National in which Spread the Word finished fourth, Jockey Carmen Pizzi came down from New England to hold the horse at Garden State, Ciulla says. According to Ciulla, Pizzi followed orders and held Spread the Word to a sixth-place finish. In the next race Pizzi jerked Spread the Word at the gate and then rushed him enough for another sixth-place finish.

Eight months had now gone by, and few bettors would risk a wager on a horse with a past-performance record reading "outrun," "eased" and "no factor." On Saturday, Feb. 8, 1975, Spread the Word was to run at Garden State against horses valued at $3,000 to $3,500. Ciulla says he told Pizzi, "We're turning Spread the Word loose. But don't take the rail or split horses and risk dis-


Kevin Daly faces 17 counts in New Jersey tr

qualification. Lay back fairly close, then at the three-eighths pole just circle the field." Ciulla says that Kevin Daly arrived early at the Rickshaw Inn across the street from the track for the $4,500 needed to pay off riders on three of the other six horses in the race. Ciulla reasoned that Spread the Word could walk past the three horses still "live," but he wanted to cover every angle. He sent his Jersey runners to Aqueduct and brought in 10 runners from New York and two more from Philadelphia. Now there would be 12 fresh faces at the windows, spaced discreetly and buying 1,200 "box" combinations built around No. 3, Spread the Word, and the three other five horses.

In Ciulla's circles, true success in a fix comes not from how much money is bet at the track but from how much you can bet with the bookmakers. Certain bookmakers, that is. "You don't sting the mob guys' bookies," Ciulla says, a lesson he learned at 23 when he took the Boston wire rooms for $28,000 on fixed races. The mobsters didn't just compel Ciulla to return the money, he says he had to pay a $50,000 fine. The Boston mobsters were so intrigued with Ciulla's skills, he says, that they wanted in. A New York mob figure, Fat Tony Salerno, a prominent member of the Genovese family, booked bets for Ciulla. Last week Ciulla testified in New Jersey that he also placed bets with Bob Martin at the Churchill Downs Race and Sports Book in Las Vegas, with Elliot Price, now at the Riviera Hotel casino, with Artie Sellman, an executive at the Dunes, and with Mel Golden, who worked at the Tropicana, as well as with others.

Spread the Word was ready to go. Telephone records show that Ciulla phoned a bookmaker in Las Vegas. He also called several partners in the Boston area who then sent bets out across the country. Ciulla says he told the Las Vegas bookie, "Start at noon and bet me as much money as you can across the board on Spread the Word with any bookies around the country not tied into the New England mob guys." Just before post time, the Vegas bookie called back to report, "All I can get you down for is $30,000 across." Ciulla believes he was stiffed. "Las Vegas people had to know that I only played fixed races," he says, "and so they'd bet mostly for themselves and claimed they could only get me down for a ham sandwich."

At 5:18 on Feb. 8, 1975 it was time to grab the binoculars and look out the wide windows of the third-floor Rickshaw Inn banquet room. Glancing at the latest flash on the Garden State mutuel board, Ciulla saw that the odds on Spread the Word had dropped to 6 to 1. Obviously bookies around the country were getting nervous and laying off money at the track to protect themselves.

The horses broke from the gate, and Pizzi kept Spread the Word back in sixth until the three bribed riders holding their horses began to slow the pace. He then swung Spread the Word to the outside and passed the three live horses to win by an easy, but unsuspicious, length and a half. Each $3 trifecta ticket paid $762.90, and the runners brought back more than $80,000.

Two weeks later, on Feb. 22, the stewards scratched Spread the Word from the ninth race at Garden State. Someone had tipped them that Ciulla really owned the horse, not the owner whose name appeared on the papers.

In the first week of August 1975, New Jersey state police issued a warrant for Ciulla's arrest. But for almost four months he eluded Jersey and federal authorities. "Part of the time I was on the lam, Campo got me on the backstretch at Belmont Park and Saratoga," Ciulla says. "We even traveled around peddling horses." Campo denies Ciulla's assertions, but he declined to be interviewed about his relationship with Ciulla when asked about specifics involving the sale of horses.

While he was a fugitive, Ciulla had Heed the Call, Lady Dunce and Star Game, all registered under Fred Meagher's ownership, flown to Bay Meadows in California. In San Francisco, Ciulla learned that the FBI had him under surveillance, so a few days before Thanksgiving he decided to fly back to Philadelphia to fix races in that area. While in a United Airlines waiting room, he peered over his *Racing Form* and saw 10 conservatively dressed men watching him. When he handed over his ticket at the check-in, the clerk winked, and 10 law-enforcement agents, including several from the FBI, drew their pistols and shoved him against a partition.

The FBI, which had evidence that Ciulla had flown horses to Bay Meadows "for the purpose of interstate racketeering and sports bribery," returned him to New Jersey, where he was wanted. When he was offered his deal, he says he thought about those who would escape entirely if he didn't talk, "the big guys who train horses that Latin American drug dealers secretly own, the fence straddlers who want it both ways. They cheat, conspire and still drink in the Turf Club."

So Tony Ciulla talked and is talking. And a lot of people in racing are worrying. END



STARR HAS A NEW BUNCH OF STARS

They're Whitehurst and Middleton and Johnson and Gofourth, and they may have brought Bart's Packers back

by DAN JENKINS



Hounded by Tampa Bay's Lee Roy Selmon, Whitehurst rescued Green Bay with a fourth-down pass

David Whitehurst? Terdell Middleton? Ezra Johnson? Aundra Thompson? John Anderson? Derrel Gofourth? What is this, the lineup for Liverpool against Leeds? They can't be Green Bay Packers. Football players from Green Bay have names like Bart, Fuzzy, Paul, Max and Boyd. Names like Nitschke, Adderley, Kramer, Taylor and Gregg. Maybe these Davids and Terdells *live* in Green Bay, fine. They probably make toilet paper or sell thermal-knit underwear and insulated boots and hunter's insurance.

Wrong, of course. They play football. And they are playing it well enough in 1978—those mentioned above and a number of their equally mysterious friends—to be back where the people of America's dairyland expect the Green Bay Packers to be. The Packers are 7–2 these days and leading the NFC Central division by more than the 48-yard field goal Chester Marcol kicked last Sunday to enable Bart Starr's new and improved team to escape the humility of a loss to Tampa Bay. What would the odds have been a few weeks ago that through nine games of the regular season, Green Bay would have a better record than, say, the Dallas Cowboys or the Oakland Raiders?

Those odds no doubt would have been even longer than the odds that Marcol would boot that field goal in the last 41 seconds for the 9–7 victory over the Buccaneers—and even longer than the odds that David Whitehurst, the Packers' nonhousehold name at quarterback, would move Green Bay into position for Marcol to kick it.

Picture this. The Bucs led 7–6, and it was Green Bay's ball with fourth and 10 on Tampa Bay's 47-yard line and 1:25 to play. Whitehurst promptly hit Wide Receiver Steve Odom at the Bucs' 29, Odom making a beautiful catch and dragging both his feet just inside the left sideline. It was either Johnny Unitas to Raymond Berry, or Fred Astaire to Ginger Rogers, and it was as timely as anything that's happened in Green Bay since Starr was hired as coach four years ago. Four plays later, Marcol kicked his winning field goal.

Green Bay had taken a 6–0 lead in the first quarter on Middleton's two-yard touchdown run, Terdell turning what looked to be a no-gainer into six points. The Packers missed the conversion attempt when holder Bobby Douglass dropped the snap, but for a long time it seemed that six points would be more than enough for Green Bay. Halfway through the third quarter the Packer defense had a no-hitter going, having held the Bucs to zero completions and zero

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

first downs. But suddenly Tampa Bay Quarterback Doug Williams fired a 54-yard rocket to Morris Owens at the Packer one, and Ricky Bell ran across on the next play. Then Neil O'Donoghue, who is so well known he should be playing for the Packers, kicked Tampa Bay's extra point and it was 7–6. It surely looked as if this might be the end of the day's point-making because Green Bay hadn't been doing much of anything on offense itself.

But these Packers, who lead the second-place Vikings by two games in their division, are certainly full of surprises, as they have been proving all season. Who knows if they can keep it up, however. Their upcoming schedule does not resemble Saturday morning cartoons, what with Dallas, Denver, Minnesota and Los Angeles lying in wait. They are rooting for a 10–6 record, believing that is the magic playoff number.

If the Packers are indeed turned around, or if the Pack is *almost* back, it is because of all the new faces wearing the dark green and gold, players who have come primarily from the draft instead of via trades. They have a defense which has taken on one of the better nicknames—Gang-Green—and an offense that is built around that notable brokerage firm of Whitehurst & Middleton.

But it all really begins with Starr. He did not want to be a coach. He was very happy selling cars, holding motivational seminars, raising funds, working for charities, doing all of those things that dutiful Chamber of Commerce gentlemen do. He had been out of football for two years after spending one bewildering season as Dan Devine's quarterback tutor. When Devine left after the 1974 season, the Green Bay job sort of went to Starr by acclamation, as if there were no one else to consider. He took it because he was flattered, and the timing was right. He would never have followed Vince Lombardi directly.

Once Starr had the job, he quietly said to himself, "What do I do now?" Several answers came. Head coaches usually need offensive and defensive coordinators. Starr thought of defense first. "The first call I made was to Dave Hanner," he says. "You build from defense." The next thing Starr did was a mistake. He hired Paul Roach from Oakland as his offensive coordinator. Roach was a wonderful human being, but Starr discovered that he wanted to be the offensive coordinator himself. "I was sorry I had talked Paul into leaving a good job," Starr says. "After two years, I knew I had to make a change if I was going to run things my way."

In the beginning Starr talked to the usual people about how to be a head coach. He talked to Tom Landry, to Bud Grant, to Bear Bryant. They all said the usual things: you win with hard work and organization. They did not need to mention the most important ingredient of all—football players. And football players were among the things Bart Starr did not have. But when he finally got to use some draft choices (Devine had mortgaged Green Bay's immediate future in the ill-fated John Hadl deal), he began to acquire them. His drafts of the past two years have been as successful as anyone's, especially if the gauge is the fact that his draft choices are playing.

From the 1977 draft Starr got his quarterback, Whitehurst, his runner, Middleton; one of his offensive guards, Gofourth; an offensive tackle, Greg Koch; and his two sensational defensive ends, Ezra Johnson and Mike Butler. And this season Starr picked up James Lofton, the speedy and dangerous wide receiver who scares defenses simply by lining up, and his two rookie linebackers, John Anderson and Mike Hunt.

Overall, Green Bay starts nine players from the past two drafts. Thus, Starr's draft record has received the highest compliment from the high priest of drafts, Gil Brandt of the Cowboys. "We would have taken all of them," says Brandt. This is almost like Rommel saying, "Nice tank maneuver, Bart."

In Whitehurst, Starr has a bit of himself at quarterback. Like Starr, a 17th-round pick from Alabama in 1956, Whitehurst came to the Packers in a low draft round—the eighth. He was thought to be a player of limited ability, but one with potential and a determination to work hard—like Starr.

Whitehurst had two things to overcome. One, he went to Furman. Two, at Furman he ran the Veer. But Whitehurst is a tireless worker and a harsh critic of himself. "Even when we win," he says, "I can't sleep all night for thinking about the mistakes I made."

Starr believes that one of his functions as coach is to help Whitehurst put his feelings in perspective. Before the Tampa Bay game, Starr remembered a critical moment involving himself and Lombardi, a moment which has not been lost on him in dealing with Whitehurst.

"Vince was a hollerer and I'm not," Starr said. "One day in practice in about our second year together, I threw a stupid interception. He read me out but good, and right there in front of everybody. I was really upset. I went to his office later and said that if he expected me to lead this team, he'd better not humiliate me like that in front of them. He never did it again."

Actually, what has helped Whitehurst as much as anything is having Middleton in the backfield with him. A 1977 third-round pick from Memphis State, Middleton carried the ball just 35 times and gained only 97 yards as a rookie. This year, though, he has rushed for 755 yards in the Packers' nine games, second best in the NFC. With Lee Roy Selmon hanging on to him, Middleton didn't get much of a chance to dazzle the Green Bay crowd Sunday, but he can get the tough short yardage as well as break a long one. Besides, almost any time a runner comes along with a first name unlike any you have ever heard of, he tends to become a hero. Doak, Gale, Franco, Orenthal and Terdell, O.K.?

In fact, if Whitehurst and Middleton and all of these other unsung Packers keep winning, they may even get to be known outside of Green Bay, Wis. **END**

Doak, Gale, Franco, Orenthal—and now Terdell



ROSE MIGHT NOT BE RED ANYMORE

Pete Rose wants to be baseball's best-paid player. His once—and perhaps future—employers in Cincinnati demur, so Pete, now a free agent, has named eight teams he'd like to join. There may be surprisingly few big bidders **by E. M. SWIFT**

It is the middle of last week, and in the exercise room adjacent to the Cincinnati Reds' locker room, 37-year-old Pete Rose is mugging for the camera. Over his stocky frame he wears a T shirt similar to the ones he gave President Carter's softball team during a recent visit to the White House. Across the back of the shirt in bold lettering is written: PETE ROSE—3,000—HUSTLE MADE IT HAPPEN. Rose likes being photographed. A vain man without a trace of self-consciousness, secure in his image, Rose is the Muhammad Ali of baseball.

On his head is a Phillie cap. "What do you think of the Phils, Pete?"

"They need *me*." Rose points to his chest and grins. *Click.*

Someone hands him another cap. Rose removes the small, plastic insert from the front of the Phillie cap and puts it in the new one, so that it will sit on his head just so. "O.K., Pete. The California Angels. What do you think of?"

"Gene Autry." Rose grins, baring the gap in his front teeth. "Maybe he'll give me his horse if I sign. What was the name of that horse? Champion? Champion!" *Click.*

Next cap. It bears the interlocking "S" and "D" of the Padres, owned by McDonald's magnate Ray Kroc. "San Diego had two Pete Rose Days this year," Rose divulges. "*Two*. Ray Kroc likes me because I'm a self-made, aggressive guy like he is, and he likes me because I help his younger players. I go to the park early and work with them. He appreciates that." Rose grins and bites into an imaginary Big Mac. *Click.*

He slips on the next cap, and a bystander says, "The Dodgers, Pete. National League champs. *Los Angeles*."

"Ahh, endorsements!" says Pete. *Click.*

"O.K., Pete, how about a frown?"

"You want a frown? I'll give you a frown. Give me that Reds cap."

Click.

Later that afternoon, sitting in his plush, windowless office at Riverfront Stadium, another man is wearing a frown. He is Dick Wagner, president and chief executive officer of the Reds. Why is this man frowning? Is it because his team has finished out of the playoffs for the second straight year? Is it because his club, as recently as 1976 hailed as the greatest team since the 1927 Yanks, will creak into the New Year with six of its eight starting players over 30 years of age unless changes are made? Is it because the Reds' "final offer" in contract negotiations with Rose was flatly turned down and that Cincy's most popular player will thus enter Friday's free-agent draft? Is it because Rose has told Wagner he wants to be the highest-paid player in baseball? Is it because the man Wagner names as most likely to fill Rose's shoes in the event of Pete's defection is a defensive specialist named Ray Knight, who batted .200 in 1978? Or is it all of the above?

Wagner sits like a man whose underwear is woolen. Perhaps it is his uncomfortable shifting that makes less than convincing his claim: "I like Pete; everyone likes Pete; how can you not like Pete?"

Wagner met with Rose and Reuven Katz, Pete's attorney, on Oct. 2. Wagner offered Rose a raise after a year in which Pete hit .302, had 198 hits, scored 103 runs and had a 44-game hitting streak that captivated the country. Rose turned him down. "He didn't even make me a counterproposal," says Wagner. "I asked

WHAT'S PETE'S PREFERENCE?

The Angels?





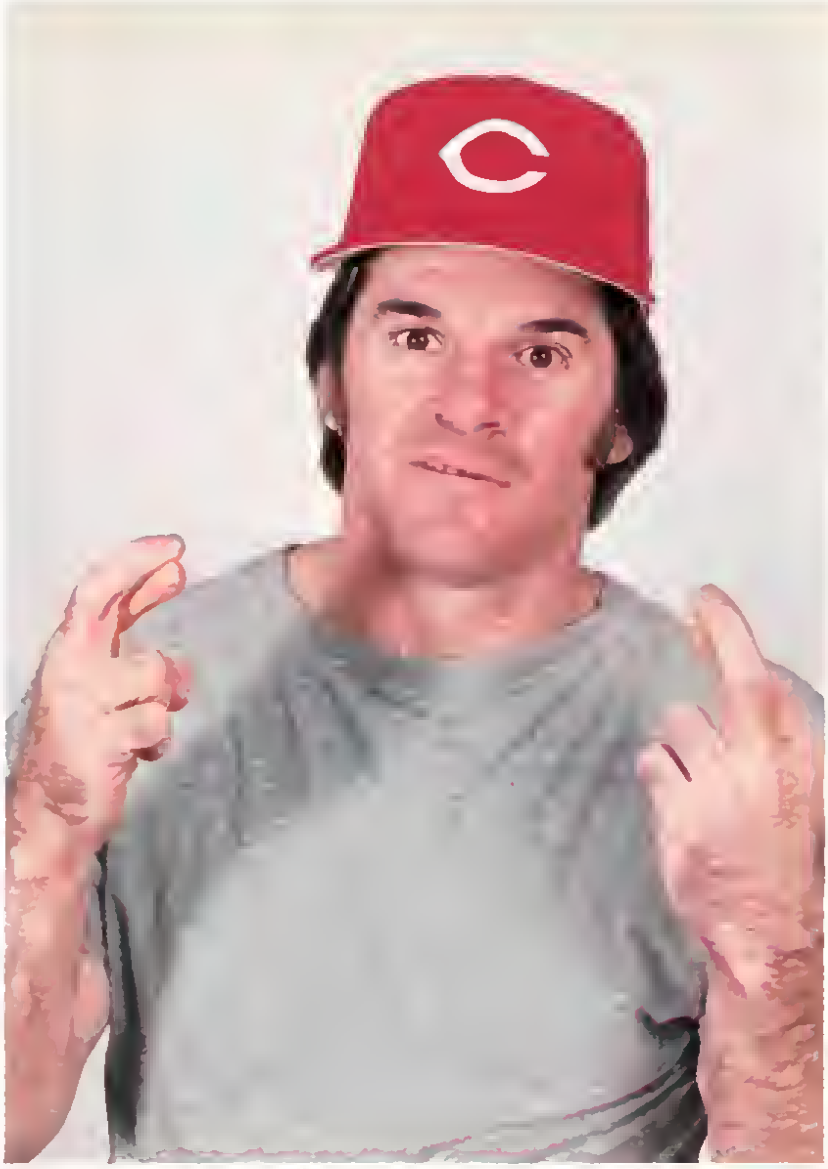
The Phillies?

The Dodgers?





The Red Sox?



Rose might actually be keeping his fingers crossed that he can remain with the Reds

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIOLO

him what he was thinking in terms of, and he and Katz threw phrases at me like, 'The sky's the limit.' "

That afternoon the Reds' management enraged Rose and Katz by releasing the news that Rose had turned down the highest salary in the history of the organization. Katz took the front office to task, saying, "Technically, they're right, but salary is only one part of a contract. There is also a little matter of signing bonuses. They can run into a lot of money. The Reds' release was deliberately misleading. Their offer definitely did not make Pete the best-paid Red."

On Oct. 9 Rose and Katz returned with a counterproposal. Wagner rejected it, and the next day he made his final offer, which was "around $400,000," according to Rose. Wagner wanted Rose's answer as soon as possible. "I've been here 16 years, and they wanted me to make up my mind in eight days," says Rose. "The World Series was still going on. They won't negotiate. They never have."

Rose turned Wagner's offer down, and on Oct. 18 declared himself a free agent. Shortly thereafter he named the eight teams besides the Reds that he would consider playing for: the Dodgers, Phillies and Padres in the National League; the Yankees, Red Sox, Royals, Angels and Rangers in the American. All are offense-minded teams with generous owners and/or high attendance.

Rose's serious contractual hassles with the Reds go back to 1975, when the club,

continued



according to Katz, forced Rose to take a salary cut after his batting average fell to .284 although he played in 163 games and led the league in doubles and runs. Wagner was named general manager in 1977 and promptly alienated Rose during a contract dispute that spring by taking out advertisements in two local newspapers detailing why the Reds were not meeting his demands. Rose eventually signed for a tidy $365,000 per year, but the ads left him bitter and embarrassed. "That wasn't something I was proud of," admits Wagner. "Pete is the only guy I know who uses the media to negotiate, and that's what we did. When no Cincinnati reporter would write our side of the story, we simply paid to have it told."

If Wagner is concerned that his All-Star third baseman will pack up for greener pastures, he doesn't show it. Shortly after negotiations broke down on Oct. 12, he told Katz that the Reds' final offer was "off the table" and that the next move was Rose's. "When we made Pete that offer, we tried to take all his accomplishments into consideration," says Wagner. "But he wants to be the highest-paid player in the game. He told me that." Wagner does not think Rose is worth it.

Counters Rose, "I've worked as hard as anybody in baseball for 16 years. I've been more consistent than anybody. I reached 3,000 hits faster than any guy in history. I really believe I've reached the top of my profession, and I want to be paid like it. You can agree with me or not, but I don't think you can say I should be the 15th-best-paid player."

That Wagner would risk losing Rose is all the more surprising in the light of the summer past, when Rose enlivened what threatened to be a dull season of baseball in Cincinnati by first becoming the 13th player to get 3,000 base hits and then by putting together his hitting streak. When the Reds visited Philadelphia, attendance increased an average of 11,000 per game. In New York, where Rose passed Tommy Holmes' modern National League record of 37 straight games, Mets fans bought seats that had rarely been sold since the pennant year of 1973, and Shea Stadium's concessionaires sent Rose a giant card thanking him for salvaging their summer. In Atlanta, where Rose's streak ended, 45,007 people saw him tie Wee Willie Keeler's all-time National League record by hitting in his 44th straight game. That was 33,000 above the Braves' season's average. With an average ticket of $4 and assuming a modest $3 per fan for parking and concessions, Rose added about $231,000 to the coffers in one night. Two weeks later the Padres had their second Pete Rose Day, celebrating the date when he would have had a shot at tying Joe DiMaggio's record of hitting in 56 straight. Asked how he could afford to lose such a popular personality, Wagner replies, "Johnny Carson's a personality, too, but I don't know if he can play third base."

Most general managers feel that Rose is just testing the free-agent water and that Wagner will sign him in the end for whatever the market demands. After all, as Manager Sparky Anderson is fond of pointing out, "Pete Rose *is* the Cincinnati Reds."

Come Friday, Cincinnati will begin to find out what Rose's market price is. A maximum of 13 teams, plus the Reds, can draft negotiating rights to him.

Pete is the most notable of this year's free agents. Three Dodgers—Lee Lacy, Billy North and Tommy John—will attract some attention, as will pitchers Luis Tiant of Boston, Jim Barr of San Francisco and Elias Sosa of Oakland. But the day should belong to Rose.

It is unlikely that as many as 13 teams will draft him. At 37, he is too old and too expensive for most clubs. "The team that I should go to is one that was expected to do well last year and didn't," says Rose. "Who comes to mind?"

Just about every one of Rose's favored eight except the Yankees and Dodgers. And Rose is adaptable to a team's needs. Although he believes that playing in the outfield might extend his career, he can still play third base and has no doubt that he could master first base in spring training. For example, if he were to go to Boston, Rose could replace sore-armed Butch Hobson at third base, making Hobson the DH. Or he could play left field, enabling Carl Yastrzemski to take over first base from slumping George Scott. Or he could play first. It is unlikely he will get the chance to do any of these things. Boston's new owners are probably going to use their estimated $3.5 million 1978 profit to pay off loans and to attempt to re-sign younger stars such as Jim Rice and Dennis Eckersley.

Both Texas and California would seem to have been too badly burned by high-priced free agents the past two years to test the water again so soon. Angel Executive Vice-President Buzzie Bavasi has even said, "As far as I am concerned, Pete Rose belongs in Cincinnati."

Kansas City has the most to gain by acquiring Rose, who could help them at first or in left. Rose would thrive on Royals Stadium's artificial surface, and he might help the Royals finally make it to the World Series. But the K.C. management has made no noises about pursuing Rose, and the Royals' record does not show them entering the free-agent market with any relish.

If anyone is likely to lure Rose into the American League, it will be those damn Yankees. Owner George Steinbrenner is not one to tip his hand, but if he is interested in Rose—and he will only say he is interested in *every* free agent—he is not likely to be outbid. However, Rose seems less than enthusiastic about sharing the stage with the defending champs. "They've won two years in a row now," he says. "That's not easy. They may be due for a disappointment."

Another reason that Rose is not likely to sign with the Yankees—or with any other American League team—is that the only thing he loves more than money is records. And the record he would most love to break is Stan Musial's National League career hit total of 3,630. Rose now has 3,164. He would need at least three seasons to pass Musial, and Rose points to this fact as proof that he will produce for whatever team signs him—at least if it's a National League team.

But if a three-year contract is a necessity, the Padres are not likely to be the team, although of the eight clubs Rose named, San Diego is in greatest need of a third baseman. "Pete Rose would be good for the San Diego Padres," says Kroc, "and I would be willing to pay a substantial sum to him for one year or, under certain conditions, two years. He would be a big attraction for one season." But Kroc has also stated that he would be "disappointed if Pete Rose wasn't considerate of the fans in Cincinnati." He adds, "This is a country where people say, 'If you are successful, why aren't you rich?' Rose wants to certify his success with a fancy salary. We know he's accomplished more in the past than he will in the future, but he doesn't want to be paid on that basis."

So it seems that almost all of Rose's listed choices have been eliminated, which may help explain why he suddenly brought up the Braves last week. Sixth-

continued


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place Atlanta may be more an offensive team than an offense-minded one, but it is also owned by Cincinnati native Ted Turner. "I was just on the phone with Ted," said Rose as the camera clicked.

What the two talked of was not divulged—and for good reason. Two years ago Turner was suspended by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn for tampering with prospective free agent Gary Matthews before the draft was held. If he is discovered to have been dealing prematurely with Rose, he might face similar disciplinary action. No wonder the Braves were denying any knowledge of conversations between Turner and Rose. Besides, the Braves' director of player personnel, Bill Lucas, thinks it would be incongruous for Atlanta to sign Pete, even on the off chance that Rose would play for a non-contender. "We're committed to youth," he says. "Our average age last year was 24.6. Rose would provide spark and leadership, and people would come out to see him once. But after that we'd have to start winning."

Which teams does that leave? Rose has an answer. "The Phillies," he says. "All they lack is a team leader. Two of my three favorite people in baseball are on the Phils—Larry Bowa and Greg Luzinski. And they need a leadoff hitter. They need *me*."

The Phillies are no less enthusiastic. "There isn't much doubt in my mind that he can play another three years," says Paul Owens, the Phils' director of player personnel. "He's got the kind of body that doesn't wear down. And he has so many intangibles. He's proud. He works hard. He's a leader. And the son of a gun can still hit. He and Bowa on the same team would be contagious. By himself, Pete Rose couldn't turn a club around, but with a contending team he could be the difference between a winner and a bridesmaid." Having watched his team catch the bouquet three straight years in the playoffs, Owens knows of what he speaks.

Because of tampering rules, no one in Philadelphia will say whether Rose's salary demands will be an obstacle for owners Bob and Ruly Carpenter, though that sort of thing has never made them back down before; they have the highest payroll in their league.

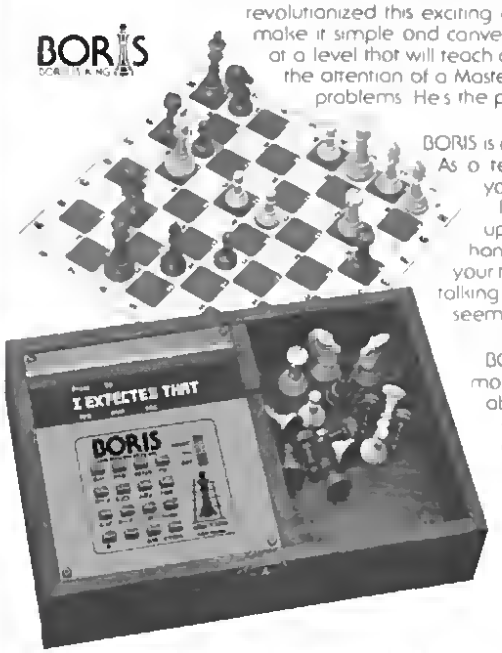
Where the Phillies would play Rose is of greater interest. Luzinski came up as a first baseman, but his knees are too bad for him to return there. He will sure-

continued

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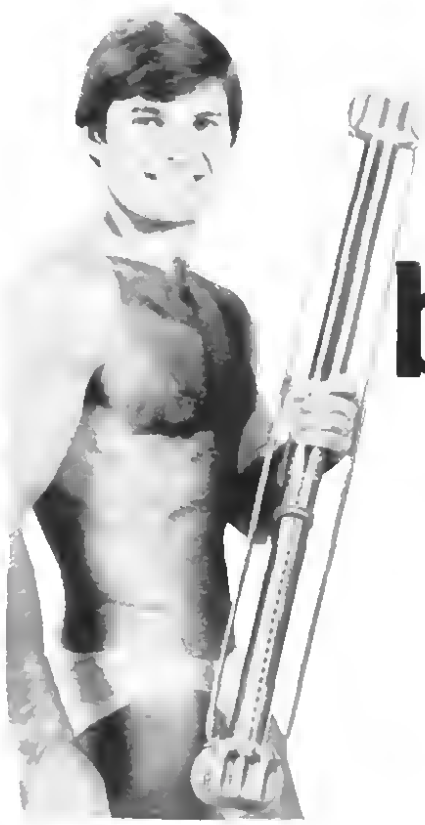
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ly stay in left. That would leave Rose at first, and the incumbent first baseman, Richie Hebner, on the trading block. Another intriguing possibility would be to move Gold Glove Third Baseman Mike Schmidt to second base, installing Rose at third and leaving Hebner at first.

In the end, the club that signs Rose will probably be the one willing to—surprise—pay him the most money, even if that team is not on his preferred list. Lest anyone still think that Charlie Hustle is not a man of material concerns, this season, when he could not take advantage of a free trip to Hawaii that the Padres gave him for appearing on a pregame show, he tried to sell the trip. No philanthropist he.

Thus it is unlikely that recent moves by Cincinnatians will tie Rose's heartstrings to Riverfront. Broadcaster Bob Trumpy first vainly tried to have the Cincinnati zoo declare Rose an endangered species. He then asked that Rose be declared a historic landmark. That was rejected, because historic landmarks must be at least 50 years old. But the City Planning Commission did designate Rose as a "listed property," which prohibits "demolition, displacement, or relocation . . . alteration to the exterior appearance of the property, including the preservation of the following characteristics: red on white uniform, the insignia 'Cincinnati Reds' on the cap and shirt; number 14 on the shirt; and large lettering on the posterior portion of the shirt spelling out the word ROSE." Should Rose want to grow a beard, he must first obtain a building permit from the city's architectural board of review.

"The fans of Cincinnati have been wonderful to Pete," says Katz. "But he's been pretty wonderful to them, too. I don't think anybody owes anything to anyone else."

Not even Rose will know what he is going to do until all the bids are in, which might not be until after Dec. 1. Most general managers feel that inertia and loyalty will keep him in Cincinnati, but still Wagner's squirming—"I'm not particularly optimistic about signing him anymore"—has a ring of truth to it. As Rose said after his recent talk with Turner, "Wouldn't it be nice to work for somebody that really appreciates me?"

Smile when you say that, Pete. Think green. *Click.*

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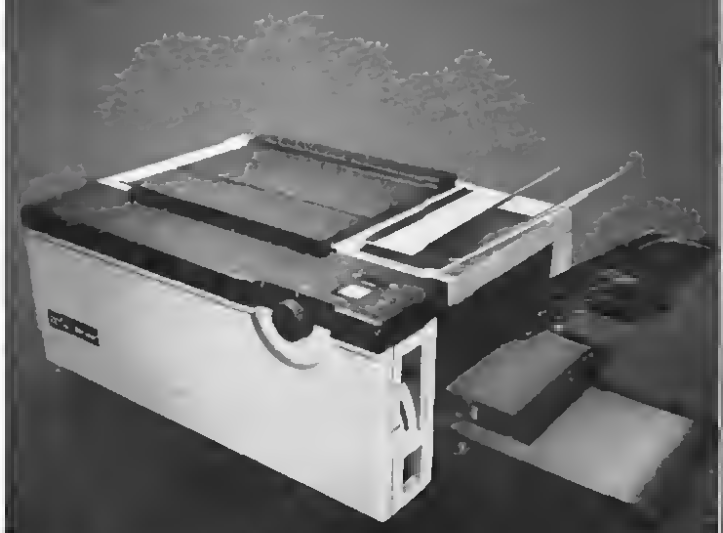
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He battled his way out of obscurity, and now Larry Holmes finds his life far more meaningful than it is mean

by PAT PUTNAM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIOLO

DON'T HATE 'EM JUST HIT 'EM

He had started the day early, plodding along the road, slow-jogging mile after mile between the long fields of cornstalks. He followed the run with a light breakfast, just orange juice and eggs. After a brief nap, he suited up for a two-hour workout in the spacious and well-equipped gym built into the loft of the barn in Orwell, Ohio. The workout ended with six rounds of hard sparring, and now Larry Holmes, the new WBC world heavyweight champion, stood studying his reflection in the large mirror on one wall. "Do I look fat?" he asked, frowning at his belly. It was still a bit fleshed out from a round of mild celebrating and a brief international tour.

"Only a little bit," said Richie Giachetti, Holmes' trainer and manager. "It will come off easy."

"So who you fighting, Larry?" asked one of the onlookers.

Holmes continued to study the mirror. "Don't know. Don't matter much."

"Well, you don't know who, do you know when?"

"Don't know that, either." Holmes shrugged. "For years people been running away from me. Nobody wanted to fight me. Now they got to. And the door to Larry Holmes is wide open."

That was last Aug. 9, more than a month before the Leon Spinks-Muhammad Ali rematch in New Orleans, and just 61 days after Holmes had won the WBC title from Ken Norton. And now Holmes knows both who and when: he will defend his title next Friday night at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas against Spain's Alfredo Evangelista, who battled an elusive Ali for 15 futile rounds in 1977. The defense will come just one week after Holmes' 29th birthday.

"That's a sort of magic number," he says. "I'll be 29 and it will be my 29th victory. Of course, it'll only be my 20th knockout."

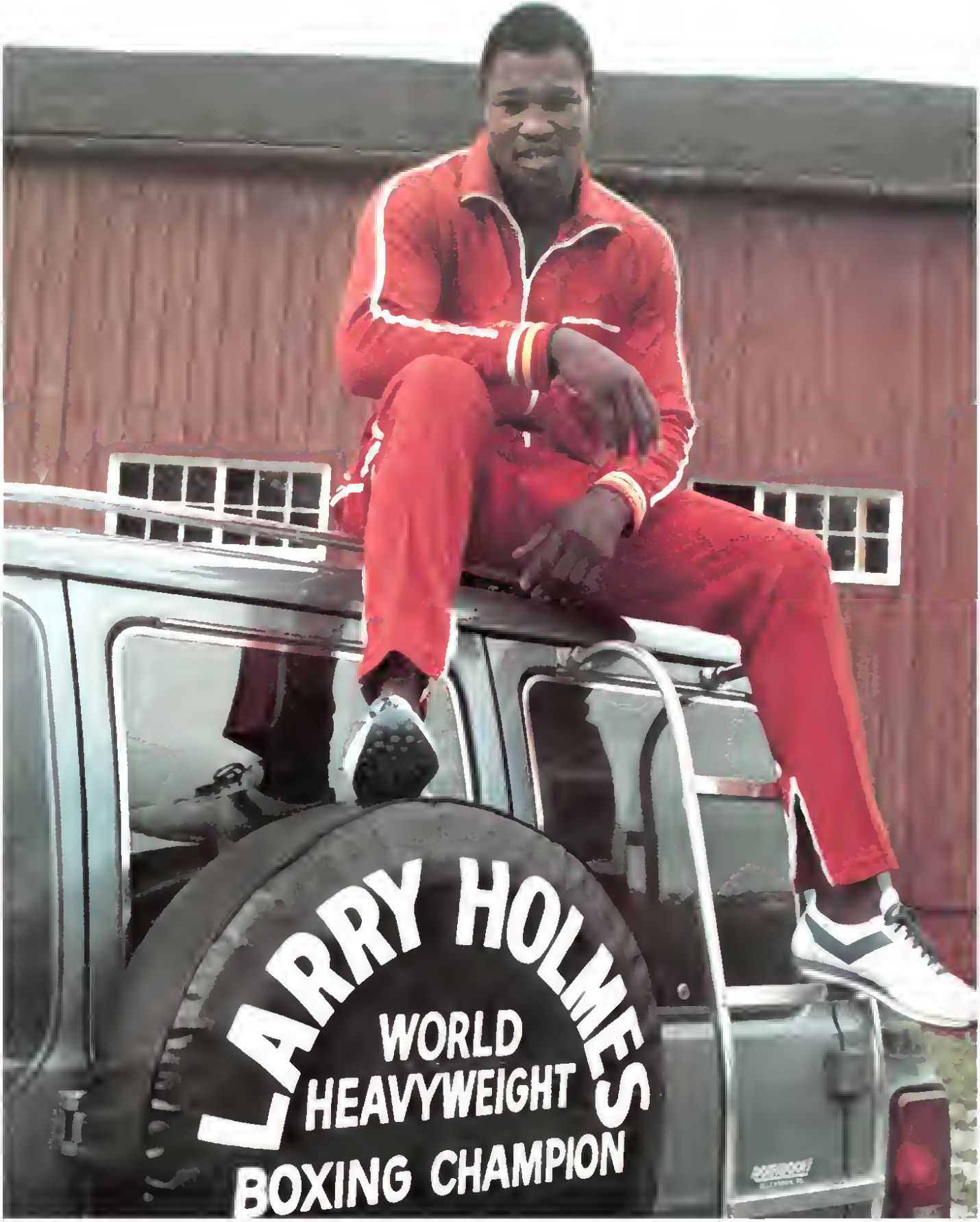
Holmes, now generally acknowledged to be a fighter with quickness and the ability to hit with either hand, is a creation of the streets, a tough and hardened young man who grew up in both violence and poverty. But in talking about his first defense, he says softly, "I have money now. And I now am the heavyweight champion of the world. And I didn't get either one of those things by just sitting around waiting for something to happen."

Holmes was born Nov. 3, 1949 in Cuthbert, Ga., fourth eldest of the 12 children of John and Flossie Holmes. He has been working since he was 13—since the day he walked out of the seventh grade at Shull Junior High and went to work for John DiVietro at the Jet Car Wash in Easton, Pa. for $1 an hour. The family had moved to Easton in 1954, but Holmes' dad had moved on alone to Connecticut, where he worked as a gardener until he died in 1970. Flossie was left to raise her large family on a meager portion of welfare and a powerful serving of maternal love.

"Their daddy would come back to see

continued

In the ring or out on the road, the WBC champion wants to make it perfectly clear just who he is


LARRY HOLMES
WORLD
HEAVYWEIGHT
BOXING CHAMPION

us about every three weeks," says Flossie Holmes, whose sad eyes brighten only when she speaks of her children. "He didn't forsake us. He just didn't have anything to give." Which is why, just one year into his teens, Larry gave up education for employment.

"It wasn't much of an education anyway," says Dan Radogna, a close friend of Holmes' and a teacher of mentally retarded children at Leibert School in the Easton area. "When Larry was in school, he was in special-education classes, and they weren't much. It was more like baby-sitting. Making sure the kids didn't get into fights. There's one teacher Larry had; I know him well, and he's still afraid to face Larry to this day. He says Larry didn't do anything, but ... you know. They had to beat on all the kids a little bit. Coming from where Larry did to where he is now, well, I would call it a miracle."

As the champion remembers himself then, "I was crazy. I gave my mother a bad time. I gave everybody a bad time. Nobody could tell me anything. I was no angel. I'm no angel now."

"He gave me a bad time?" says Flossie. "What he gave me was money. He'd see I was short of money and he'd say, 'I have a couple of dollars.' He used to hide his own money in a flowerpot on the kitchen windowsill. He'd go and get it, and he'd give it to me. No, he wasn't a bad boy, but out on the streets he was mean. He called himself a street fighter. He was something. He didn't take nothing from nobody. Nobody pushed him around. He'd never start a fight. But if someone wanted a fight, he'd give them one. Larry was a good boy; he just never would take no stuff from anybody. He was stubborn."

"I used to knock out a guy every weekend," Holmes says, shaking his head. "There was always somebody to challenge you. I had streaks. Once I went 40 straight weekends, knocking out some guy every one of them. That's when I used to think about being a fighter. But growing up, I didn't have time. I always worked."

DiVietro, the car-wash owner, is a former Tulane football player who has made it a practice to hire the toughest kids he can find, and then—as well as paying them a salary—he tries to help them straighten out their lives. Even today Holmes occasionally goes back to him for guidance.

"Larry was typical of my kids," DiVietro says. "When he first came, he was insubordinate. He used foul language. Always had a chip on his shoulder. His was the natural animosity that comes from his background. I've got a kid like that now. He'd just as soon bust your tail as look at you. But I'm here from 8 a.m.



Unable to use an injured right hand for nine months, Holmes concentrated on adding snap, crackle and pop to the left, and now he feels it's his best weapon.



It was the loneliness of long distance jogging Holmes says that inspired him against Norton

until midnight and that kid is right with me. Larry was like that. Guys like that are looking for discipline, and when you give it to them they do one of two things. they go back to the streets for good, or they come back. Larry always came back. I knew then that there was a sliver of light. He wasn't going to wind up in jail or on welfare. He'd work. Always, he'd work."

Another who helped greatly in the shaping of the future world champion was Father Francis Barhato, a priest from Naples who founded the St. Anthony's Youth Center in Easton 25 years ago. The center is located in a predominantly Italian neighborhood, but Father Barbato opened it to everyone. By the time he was 10, Holmes had become a regular, primarily interested in learning to wrestle. Father Barhato often found the skinny black kid sitting on the stoop, waiting for the center to open. "The center was his second home," Father Barbato says. "He never gave trouble to anyone. He showed a willingness to be somebody, to do something with his life. It was clear he wanted to learn."

By the time he was 14, Holmes was trusted with turning out the lights and locking the center at night. At times it was an unpleasant chore.

"There were always guys who didn't want to leave," says Radogna. "Larry couldn't have been more than 14, and he was thin and not very tall. I remember one night he went up to turn out the lights and there was a bunch of guys playing basketball, big guys, football players, seniors in high school. Larry asked them to leave, and one of the guys hit him and knocked him down. Larry got up and turned out the lights. The guy knocked him down again. It went on like that. Larry turning off the lights, the guy knocking him down. He took a hell of a beating. But he never quit. In the end he got the lights off."

After working in the car wash, Holmes drove a dump truck in the town gravel pits. He also worked in a quarry. He poured steel, he was a sandblaster. He made artillery shells. And at times he had disagreements with the police. But by the standards of the streets, they were considered minor.

"Like I said, I was no angel," says Holmes. "I know how it feels to get in trouble with the police. I know how it feels to drink and get drunk. I know how it feels to smoke grass and get high. I've done it all. You can't tell me about it. But I worked for a living. I worked from the time I was a little boy. A lot of the guys I ran with didn't want to do that. They wanted to hustle and to pimp. Some got killed; some are in jail. I've always felt that you had to work for anything you got. I'm not ashamed to work and I've expressed that to my lawyer, Charles Spaziani, to Richie Giachetti and to Don King, the promoter. I'm the heavyweight champion, all right, but I can go back to work with my head up now—which I'll do if I am misused. I want to be treated honestly and with respect. If not, it's bye-bye, boxing."

Holmes was 19 years old when he decided to become a boxer. He had been thinking about it since the days, years before, when he and some friends and his brother Lee used to fight in bars on Saturday nights for free meals.

"We'd take gloves and fight right in the bars," Holmes says. "Me and Lee and Pooch Pratt, and Butch Andrews and Barry DeRohn. We'd fill the bars on a Saturday night. And no matter what happened in the fight, they'd always call it a

continued

draw. Then we could go in the kitchen and eat hot dogs and hamburgers, which *is all* we wanted anyway.

"When I dropped out of school, I had to go to work. Then one day I said, what the hell, I might as well be a fighter. You don't have to go to school to be a fighter, you don't have to go to college. All you have to do is know how to fight and how not to get hurt."

Once his mind was set, Holmes took a direct, if somewhat unusual, route. He went to Earnee Butler, who runs a record store and shoeshine shop on South Third St. in Easton, and challenged him to a fight. Butler was then in his 40s; as an amateur welterweight, he had won 19 of 20 bouts; as a pro, he had lost just 14 of 104. He had retired in 1953, 15 years before. Still, "When I got off, we went to a gym and went at it," Butler says. "After it was over, Larry said, 'You're the best I've seen. Will you train me?' "

Holmes, who had grown to 6′ 3″ and some 200 pounds, won 19 of 22 amateur fights. Then, still under the tutelage of Butler, he turned pro in March of 1973 and won six straight. Holmes and Butler later split, and since then Holmes' career has been guided by King, Giachetti and Spaziani, a former Northampton County district attorney.

"Larry thought I was bringing him along too slowly, too cautiously," says Butler. "It wasn't that. I just wanted to be sure he was ready."

Meanwhile, Holmes continued to win—in relative obscurity. On April 5, 1976 he knocked out one Fred Askew in Landover, Md., his 21st straight victory and 16th knockout. There was not a ripple of attention.

"King was acting as the manager back then, and I was the co-manager and trainer," says Giachetti, who ran an auto body shop in Cleveland in order to survive financially during most of Holmes' career. "But it was always Larry and me. We were the ones sacrificing, sharing the same bad hotel room, eating the same *lousy food*, taking the lesser fights. King's idea of a break was to put us on an Ali undercard. You can imagine how much attention you get when Ali is around. Nobody steals the show from Ali. It wasn't until we fought Roy Williams—Larry's 22nd fight—that I even got a budget for sparring partners. Before that, I'd pick up guys off the street."

During the lean years, Holmes worked as a sparring partner for Ali, Joe Frazier, Earnie Shavers and Jimmy Young. He was paid well, and he was learning; also, his confidence in his own abilities was growing. "I was young, and I didn't know much. But I was holding my own sparring those guys," Holmes says. "I thought, hey, these guys are the best, the champs. If I can hold my own now, what about later?"

In April of 1976, with only nine days notice, Holmes fought the towering Roy



Reflecting on their bad old days together, Manager-Trainer Richie Giachetti and the champ see a bright future. "The door to Larry Holmes is open," they say.

Williams and won an impressive 10-round decision. Three days later he was at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital having a broken right thumb repaired. He wouldn't fight again for nine months.

"I couldn't fight," Holmes says, "but every day for those nine months I was in the gym training. That's why my left hand is now so much better than my right. I forgot about my right, in a sense. I had a cast on it. When I got the cast off, the doctor said don't bang anything with it. I just worked with the left—the jab, the hook, the uppercuts. The left hand is probably 100% better right now than my right. If it wasn't for that hand, when I fought Norton for the title I probably would have lost."

After his right hand finally healed—imperfectly—Holmes won four minor fights. Then last March 25 he went against Earnie Shavers at Caesars Palace. It was the fight Holmes wanted, his first against a heavyweight of international stature, the chance to prove what he had been saying all along: that he was the baddest heavyweight in the world.

"And the rest of the world was saying I had no heart, that I'd fold and quit against Shavers," Holmes says, without bitterness. "Even one of my own uncles bet $1,000 on Shavers, and later I learned that Don King had already given Shavers $25,000 front money for his next fight after he beat me. All that negative stuff just made me work harder, just made me more determined. The only way Shavers was going to beat me was if they let him in the ring with a gun."

As a fight, it was no contest. A superior boxer with fast hands and quick reflexes, Holmes battered Shavers into submission, leaving him barely able to stand, winning every round from two judges, 11 rounds from the third.

"And what happens?" asks Holmes. "All I hear is what a great job Ray Arcel and Freddie Brown did."

At the last minute, Giachetti, covering all bets, had imported veteran trainers Arcel and Brown to work the corner with him. "It's Larry's biggest fight, and I'm young," says the 38-year-old Giachetti. "I figure maybe these guys can help."

"It was a mistake," says Holmes. "They're from the past, from the old school. They wear their hats indoors, they have cigars sticking out of their mouths and they growl at the fighters. The only thing they did was get all the publicity.

"Richie did all the work. Before the fight the only thing Arcel tells me is how much I hate Shavers. He flies into Vegas the night before the fight to tell me this. I told him, 'I don't hate Earnie. I've *sparred* with him, I've been to his home, I've had coffee with him. I don't hate him, I'm just going to fight him.' I don't hate anybody. Not even Ken Norton, like they said. If Larry Holmes ever gets to hate anybody, you're going to read in the papers that Larry Holmes has killed somebody."

And then it was June 9, with Holmes and Norton sitting in their corners, their lungs burning as they sucked in gulps of air. The scoring was all even after 14 brutal rounds of fighting.

"We thought I had the fight locked away," Holmes says. "I don't know what the judges were looking at. I was told just to go out and box, not to get knocked out. Hell, if he was going to stop me, he'd have had to kill me. He'd have had to hit me with a hammer.

"I had been thinking about that 15th round for a long time before we ever fought it. When I was running up those big hills, or along the towpath down by the river, I'd be thinking about that 15th round. And when the 15th round really came, all I thought about was all that running I had done to get that far. When I went out there in the 15th, I went out to fight, to give the people their money's worth. It didn't matter that I thought I had the fight already won. I fought Kenny Norton the way he wanted to fight. I fought him close, I fought him inside, I traded punches with him. He took punches, he gave punches, and we gave the people a great fight. That's why we were in there."

That was the night Larry Holmes became heavyweight champion of the world.

More than two months have passed since Holmes trained in the loft in the barn in Ohio. He worked hard for two more weeks, then returned to Easton, where he has bought a new house. He was in New Orleans to watch Ali defeat Spinks. And then he went back into hard training for his first title defense.

After Holmes finishes with Evangelista, Giachetti and Spaziani want another fight against another opponent they consider less than outstanding, someone like, say, Duane Bobick or, as Giachetti says, "an Ali or a Spinks. Then we'll fight the killers—the Nortons and the Youngs. Hell, we'll fight an Ali or a Spinks right away, but them other guys can wait a little bit longer. Remember, Evangelista is our third fight this year, and the other two were Shavers and Norton. And don't sell Evangelista that short. He is a top contender, and those kind of guys fight a hell of a lot tougher when it's for the title."

"We really don't want Ali," Giachetti continues, "but we can't turn him down if they offer the kind of money a fight like that deserves. Let's face it. Ali is shot. So who else can he fight but Holmes? You got to figure he's going to get licked by whoever he fights, so if he's going to get whipped, he might as well do it for the big money."

Of one thing Holmes is certain: it is going to take at least $5 million for him even to consider laying leather on his idol.

"I don't really want to fight Ali," he says. "Ali is a living legend. Once he was on his light side, but now he's on his dark side. If I fight him, folks are going to say, 'Well, Ali, he's an old man.' I'm hoping that he retires. There would be a lot of money involved if Ali fought on, but money is not everything. All that money is going to be here when you are gone. And I have so much respect for the guy. He's a real nice guy. And he helped me out a lot. He gave me a chance—to spar with him, to learn from him. No, I don't want to have to fight Muhammad Ali.

"But there are a lot of guys who want to fight for the title. They'll all get a chance. I don't think there's anybody out there who can beat me. Shavers can't beat me, Ali can't beat me, Spinks—all those people—they can't beat me. I'll give Norton another chance, maybe in a year. There's all those foreign dudes. They'll all get a chance. I'm like Ali. When Ali leaves this world, no matter what else was said about him, people are going to say he was a hell of a guy, a damn good human being."

Holmes pauses for a moment, thinking. Then he smiles. "For a long time, people have been comparing me to Muhammad Ali, and it used to make me a little angry. But no more. Now when they say it, I say, 'Thank you.' I mean, what could be better than being like Ali, I ask you?" **END**



THAT FITZ, HE'S



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

A HONEY

Honey as in money, with which Fitz Dixon, owner of the 76ers, is lavishly supplied. He bought that sculpture—now if only his players could love one another . . .

by ***DOUGLAS S. LOONEY***

He is standing disconsolately in one of his outer offices, this proper and burdened man who, it is rumored, was born wearing a necktie. The late afternoon fall sun highlights the glories of his 500-acre farm just outside the Philadelphia city limits; four years ago *Philadelphia* magazine said the flowers alone were worth $1 million. But he pays no attention. For Fitz Eugene Dixon Jr., 55, is brooding. He stands among other reminders of how rich he is (net worth: $150 to $200 million, in the estimate of Dixonologists), including models of airplanes he owns or has owned, a small replica of one of his yachts, an autographed basketball and, perhaps most significant, a tiny nickel slot machine.

All around are plaques extolling Dixon's virtues—Man of the Year, Splendid Achievement and myriad other boy-are-you-super sentiments engraved in brass and cast in bronze. So much demands his attention. There are his other homes, in Maine and Florida, his 81-foot yacht, his horses (thoroughbred, show jumping, dressage), his cars, his cattle, his sheep, his charities (this year, he and two other trustees have started dispensing $22 million from the estate of his uncle, George D. Widener, and Dixon says it's a problem because the trust "grows at more than $1 million a year"), his involvements with educational institutions, his civic responsibilities, his sporting investments (he was in the *Intrepid* syndicate when it defended the America's Cup

continued



Julius Erving and Bobby Jones get the jump on Dixon on the basketball court, but Fitz has the horses off the court—for example, Jet Run, who can fly and who has given his owner a title

in 1970 and he owned a share in Secretariat when the Triple Crown winner was sent to stud.)

Dixon's most public trinket, however, is the Philadelphia 76ers. It is a team that for the third year in a row is said to be the best in the NBA, although it turned out not to be the best in the playoffs of 1977 and 1978. "Sometimes," says Dixon at the end of this very trying day. "I wish I didn't have all this bleeping money."

Ah, yes, the bleeping money.

Nothing irks him more than constant reference to it. He wants to be loved for himself, not for his checkbook, yet they seem inseparable. All conversational paths lead to Dixon's dollars, which makes him explode, "There you go, talking about the bleeping money again. Let's talk about something else." Only grudgingly does he admit that there is a chance people might be nice to him and say yes, sir, to his every statement because of his wealth. But late one day when there were no more phone calls, no more interruptions, no more meetings, he said, "When you have as much money as I do, you are viewed from a different perspective. I know that. I just hope that when they put me in the sod, a few people will shed a few tears and somebody will say, 'Yes, sir, that Fitz Dixon, he was a pretty good boy.' "

Indeed, Fitz is a pretty good boy—impatient at times, irritable (his wife curbs his appetite for martinis because she says they make him that way), compulsive, quick to blow up. But generous. Lord, is he generous. Yet he is almost a prisoner of his fortune, which he inherited from his mother, Eleanor Widener Dixon. It was Great-Grandpa Peter A. B. Widener who founded the fortune with dealings in public transportation, Standard Oil, U.S. Steel, the then fledgling tobacco industry and the first lead acid battery. But Fitz Dixon, to whom so much has come, seems somehow cursed by the cash. "Money," he snaps on the way to one of his garages that reveals two Mercedes and a Bentley T2, "does not ensure happiness. Or success."

Nowhere is that more evident than in his 95% ownership of the Philadelphia 76ers. It is his toy. But it always seems broken, and he complains that it is taking a lot more time than he thought it would, often as much as one hour a day. He finds it difficult to explain why he bought the club for $6.2 million in May 1976, from paper executive Irv Kosloff. Kosloff and his son recently repurchased

continued



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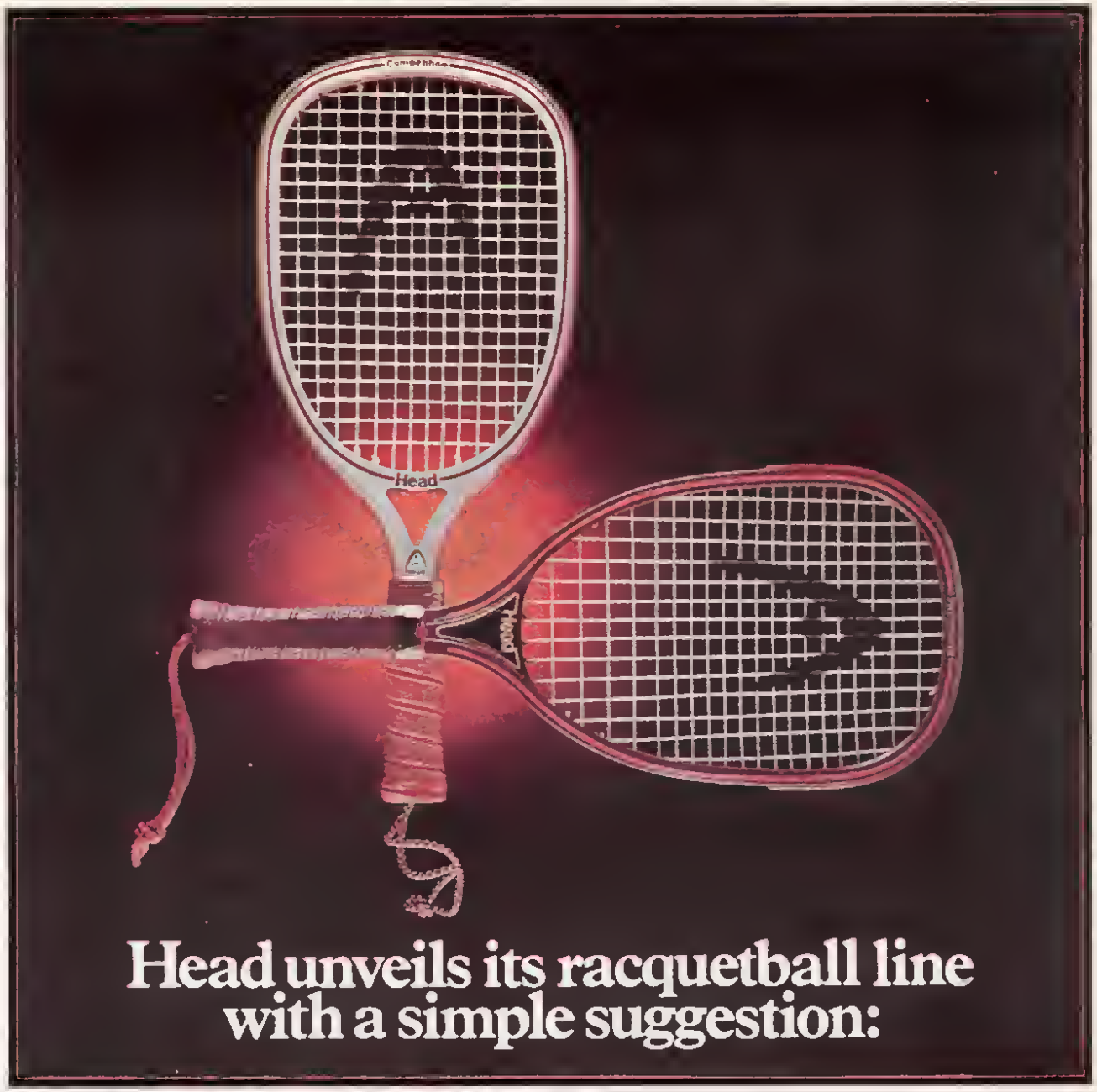
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DODGE IS INTO TRUCKIN' LIKE AMERICA'S INTO JEANS.



5% with the option of acquiring up to 25%, which Kosloff says they will do. Says Dixon, "I just always wanted to own a pro team in Philadelphia." He has often been on the fringes, and Bill Campbell, a Sixers broadcaster, says, "He chafes when he's not in control."

In the '40s, Dixon was involved with the Phillies. He owned 1,000 shares, which he bought for $10 each and eventually sold for $50 and $100 apiece. In the '50s, he owned two shares of the Eagles, purchased for $3,000 and sold shortly thereafter for $65,000 each; Dixon laments that he should have bought the whole club then for $5.5 million. Years later, he stopped bidding on the Eagles at $14.5 million; that time the club went for $16.1 million. Why did he desist? "Sixteen million was too much," he says. He recently owned 25% of the Flyers, which he purchased for $1.2 million and sold for $2.2 million—after he failed to buy out his partners. He did own Philadelphia's pro lacrosse team, but the league bellied up and Fitz lost $1 million. "I guess I bought the basketball team because I hate soccer and this was all that was left," he says. "Frankly, my background in it is zilch."

Indeed, not long after Dixon purchased the team, General Manager Pat Williams told him, "Julius Erving may be available to us."

Dixon: Who is Julius Erving?

Williams: Uh, well, he's the Babe Ruth of basketball.

Dixon: Oh.

Clearly, then, he is not in the game because of his longtime love for it. And it is not because his father enjoyed owning the Philadelphia hockey team and, with a partner, a controlling interest in the old football Eagles. Says Fitz Sr., "Everything was going out, nothing was coming in. It wasn't fun." Nor is it because Kosloff spoke glowingly of the experience: "As an owner you can do one heck of a job and things still turn out wrong."

No, the most logical explanation is that Fitz Eugene Dixon Jr., his blood a dazzling blue, simply longs to be one of the boys. And, his disclaimers notwithstanding, he yearns for public adulation. Or at least thanks. Serving on hospital boards and being a member of the Jockey Club doesn't cut it in the hearts of the beer-and-T-shirt crowd. Therefore, basketball—the game of city streets—may be Dixon's ultimate pipeline to the ears of the average guy. If the Sixers are good, then news of Dixon's other enormous good works likely will be spread more thoroughly throughout the Delaware Valley. Certainly the masses are not going to stand and cheer his work as president of the Philadelphia Art Commission or Chairman of the Board and sugar daddy at both Temple University and Widener College: they may, however, applaud the Sixers.

After graduating from Episcopal Academy in suburban Merion, Pa. Dixon attended Harvard for seven months. He then joined the Episcopal faculty. That was partly because the private school was not stuffy about shortcomings like lack of a college degree and partly because Dixon could do whatever he wanted—and he wanted to teach. During his 16½ years there he taught Pennsylvania history, health, English and French and served as assistant to the headmaster. He also coached football, tennis and squash. "I was a pretty good teacher," says Dixon. "Those were the happiest days of my life." He left in 1960 when it was time, in the Dixon pecking order, for him to handle the family business. Jay Crawford, headmaster at Episcopal, says of Fitz' buying the 76ers, "It's just an itch he always wanted to scratch." But thus far the Sixers have left Dixon scratching his head. They have brought him little more than boos, grief and torment. And more attention to his bleeping bucks. The Sixers, like the Yankees, have been called the Best Team Money Can Buy, but Pat Williams insists that's a bad rap because, he says, there are three or four teams with higher payrolls than the Sixers'. And the only star player whose contract Philadelphia has out-and-out bought recently was Dr. J before the 1976-77 season. That deal, of course, was a whopper. After the papers were signed, even Dixon was impressed. "I can't believe it," he said, "I just spent $6 million for one basketball player."

A lot of fans thought that meant Dixon also had just bought an NBA championship. After all, he had three of pro basketball's 10 best players in Dr. J and George McGinnis (both getting $400,000 a year) and Doug Collins ($350,000). After losing to Portland in the finals in 1977, in part because of inept play by McGinnis, the team got a slogan for the following season: We Owe You One. But the Sixers lost in the division finals and fans quickly concluded: You Owe Us Two. This year there is no slogan, partly because Dixon doesn't like debts that can't be repaid.

The Sixers have been one of the greatest collections of one-on-one players in the history of the game—which has been the problem. What they really needed coming down the court was five basketballs. Last year Collins said, "Coaching this team borders on the impossible." One writer suggested that the players' attention spans could be timed by the 24-second clock. And when Dixon fired Coach Gene Shue only six games into the 1977-78 season—a move Dixon insists was not impulsive—the boss picked up the paper to read, "So, once again, we learn that you can go to Harvard, build a few ships, wear polished loafers and still confuse manure with tuna fish." Dixon says he has never built any ships.

It's this kind of thing that has led to Dixon's simmering relationship with the press. Says one reporter who covers the Sixers, "He thinks because he gives all this money to charity, he should be treated like a saint. After all, he has been treated that way his entire life." It doesn't serve Dixon well these days that he has adopted a Nixonian attitude toward the local writers, repeatedly referring snidely to "my friends in the Philadelphia press."

The problem exists largely because Dixon—for all his locker-room language, which most think he uses to try to be like the other boys—is ostentatious. Which he comes by naturally. Contrary to conventional wisdom, the fantastically rich do put their pants on differently. Even Erving, one of Dixon's big admirers for reasons beyond the money Fitz pays him, admits, "His presence can be intimidating. It's nothing he does. It's just power." Says another writer, "He's not an evil man. He just doesn't know how to behave."

That may be too harsh, but it is true that the Fitz Dixons of this world are not accustomed to criticism. Like most executives, he says he doesn't want to be surrounded by yes men; but like most executives, he really does. One notable exception to the yea-saying is Williams, who is among the sport's most astute executives. But while Dixon's underlings are given to saying yes, yes, yes, the press is given to saying no, no, no, and Fitz feels that this attitude has unjustifiably

continued



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warped his image. Four incidents have contributed to the public conception, or misconception, of Dixon:

• When he bought the team, the question immediately arose, "Will he buy us a championship?" That is precisely what Dixon intended, and intends, to do. Yet the question itself intimates something impure. It's as if it is somehow better to have drafted or traded or hoodwinked than to have spent. Which is nonsense. Williams, in a feet-on-the-desk conversation, muses, "I've told Fitz, and he absolutely agrees, that having the best players doesn't guarantee anything but having a better chance. The trouble is the public views us as swaggering along and buying whatever we want. That's not true. But success in pro sports is predicated on being a high roller." Again, the bleeping money.

• After a loss during the 1976-77 season, Dixon said to Shue, "What's your excuse tonight?" Shue and his friends considered the comment in poor taste, classic meddling by an uninformed owner. Dixon, greatly embarrassed, insists he said it as a joke. But the incident definitely made Fitz frosty toward the press. Says he, "It doesn't take any genius to learn to keep your damn mouth shut." Whatever, this episode set in concrete the unfair view that Dixon is a meddler, treading unfamiliar boards and taking off-balance shots. Nobody admits less knowledge of basketball more quickly than Fitz Dixon. "I'm just a spontaneous, outspoken and occasionally obstreperous fan," he says. Says his son George, "I do think there are times when he opens his mouth and blurts something out when he could use a little more discretion." But Pat Williams comes to Fitz' defense, saying, "In this era of power-crazed owners, I tell you Fitz is a relief."

• The Shue firing. The timing was atrocious. Shue had taken over the Sixers in 1973-74 after they had finished the previous season with a 9–73 record. Three years later they were in the NBA finals, and to fire him in the off-season would have been outrageous. But to do it after a 2–4 start in 1977-78 hardly improved Fitz' reputation for impulsiveness. Fact is, Dixon didn't like Shue, the coach's life-style, or much of anything about him. Dixon talks privately of other factors, but he had been carrying the noose for some time and needed only to find a suitable hanging tree. A 2–4 rec-

continued



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ord was a bad choice. Dixon could have said, "I'm firing Gene Shue because even though he's a great coach, I don't like him." Of course, that wouldn't have won him many points, either.

• Dixon descended from his private box once and viewed a game from courtside. He liked it. So that's where he always sits now. But he didn't like people walking in front of him, so he has guards stationed so nobody can block his view or otherwise disturb him. Obviously, he's the owner, and if he wants to be the *only* one in the Spectrum for the games, he can do that, too. The point—and the point that is lost on Dixon—is that to the average fan who pays $5 to $9 a ticket, such behavior is ostentatious. Fitz can do this, don't you see, only because of his bleeping money.

While the going has been rocky his first 2½ years, Dixon doesn't cotton to the suggestion that he is still trying to learn how to be an owner. "I know how," he says. He wants to be loved by Philadelphia fans (although daughter Ellin says, "He doesn't get up in the morning and say, 'Oh, God, I wonder if everybody will love me today' "), but his demeanor is forbidding. One of his 76er board members, Bob Babilino, says, "He's respected around town—and sometimes feared." Dixon genuinely doesn't want to interfere, but he wants to know, he wants to be close to the players, and at arm's length from them. He has had parties for the team, but the athletes didn't really like to come, and when new Coach Billy Cunningham gently told Fitz so, Dixon understood. "Christ, I don't want to spend $10,000 to entertain a bunch of prisoners," he said.

Dixon likes to tell how he was the first one in the hospital room to see Erving when he was hurt, how he and his wife paid a call on Cunningham to console him after the team was eliminated from the playoffs last year. "There's nothing he wouldn't do for any of us," says Dr. J. And there is nothing cheap about Fitz Dixon. His devotion to Philadelphia is unquestioned. Alas, if his style were just a little smoother. If he just wouldn't spend so much time complaining about the difficulty he has keeping the mobile phone working in his Mercedes.

Winning, of course, will cure most of the problems. When hopes are so high, as they have been in Philly, the fall is tough. This year dawned with new optimism. And with justification. For one thing, George McGinnis had been traded. McGinnis and Erving did not mesh, and twice in playoffs, McGinnis was a flaming failure. Gene Shue twice asked Fitz to get rid of McGinnis. Once the request so angered the boss that he snapped, "If you can't coach him, I'll get somebody who can." But when Cunningham was hired and several months later made the same request, Dixon acquiesced. Why? "I have to take advice from somebody," he says.

So last summer McGinnis was sent to Denver. The main man the Sixers got in exchange was Bobby Jones, perhaps the league's best defensive player. He runs, steals, blocks shots, rebounds and—egad!—passes off. All of which are novel to most of the members of the gang that can't shoot enough. Says Jones, "I don't have to have the ball to be happy." Experts think Jones just could be the one to make the Sixers whole, the guy who will teamwork the club to the title. Is that true, Bobby? "Aw, once a trade is completed, everybody says that." The difference, in this case, is that a lot of people think it's true.

Does Fitz Dixon expect an NBA championship? "Sure," he says. "I have felt like we were good enough to win for two years. But it's just like making a good daiquiri. You take three parts of rum, one part lime juice. Everybody does that. But then I add a dash of Cointreau. It's that Cointreau that just makes a daiquiri. And it's that dash of Cointreau that we've been missing."

Dixon says it is disheartening to frequently watch a flagrant lack of effort on the floor. He sniffs, "I try to treat the players like men, but some are children. I do think they should work as hard for the dollars I give them as I work for the zero dollars I get at Widener and Temple." Dixon knows what it's like to work for someone else from his days at Episcopal Academy. When he retired in 1960, he was dragging down $7,800 a year. "I fully realize," he says, "that I am very lucky not to have to work for a living."

Dixon, a man of neatly structured schedules, doesn't like surprises. He does like watching the local news on television at 6 p.m., the national news at 6:30, having cocktails at 6:45 and dinner at 7:30. He doesn't like to party along the Main Line and he has few close friends. When he goes to restaurants, he goes where he is known. Bob Bruce, vice-president for development at Widener, says of Dixon, "He works very hard to use his money properly, and Philadelphia is a lot better off for it." Few dispute that, for Widener-Dixon money cuts a wide swath, in ways big and small.

Example: A fireman was killed and Dixon promptly sent a $17,000 check to pay off the man's mortgage.

Example: A piece of sculpture—the word LOVE—had been on loan to the city and on display in Kennedy Plaza. But the sculptor, Robert Indiana, wanted it back or, in lieu of that, $45,000. Dixon stepped forward, said he'd pay $35,000, and thus a typical Dixon-style compromise was struck. "I like it," he explains. "A lot of other people liked LOVE. And I couldn't imagine the city coming up with the money to pay for it." But even that didn't make everyone happy. A letter to the editor of one paper said, "If Dixon wants to do something for the city, why doesn't he lower ticket prices instead of giving $35,000 to buy a damn sculpture?"

Not long ago Dixon was looking for educational institutions to befriend. Living in a huge house ("When I asked a friend of mine who had 10 kids if he'd like to buy it and he said it was too big, I knew I was in trouble") and anxious to get rid of it, he offered it to the University of Pennsylvania. The university said if he would include $35,000 a year for five years for upkeep, they *might* be interested. Whereupon Dixon called Temple University and had lunch with the president, who was delighted long before coffee was served to accept the house. It is now the Eleanor Widener Dixon Conference Center. Dixon subsequently has made substantial contributions to Temple in time and money. Already this year the George D. Widener Trust has given more than $2 million. Penn no longer interests Dixon.

Last September, after one of Dixon's horses, Jet Run, won the American Gold Cup, a premier show-jumping event, Fitz leaped to his feet shouting, "Holy cats in the outhouse." It was an unguarded moment of excessive exuberance, such as he might exhibit following an Erving slam dunk. "I can really make an ass of myself," Fitz Dixon says, "but I'm a hell of a fan." And that self-portrait is the bleeping truth. **END**

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Passport Scotch

The Dawgs simply refuse to dog it

Georgia players admit that the squad is not long on talent or experience, but they can prove they're not quitters

It long has been a college football dictum that teams which challenge for a major conference championship shall be long on experience, big in size, loaded in talent, deep in reserves, and as obviously so as a blocked punt. So let us examine the Georgia Bulldogs, who lead the Southeastern Conference with a 4–0 record. Certainly Alabama, the Bulldogs' closest rival with a 3–0 conference record, fits all the qualifications, but the green, lean, none-too-star-studded Bulldogs are one of the most intriguing surprises of the 1978 season.

As of last Saturday night in Lexington, when Georgia overcame a 16-point deficit to beat Kentucky 17–16 on a field goal that was its last offensive play of the game, the 16th-ranked Bulldogs had a 6–1 record and had knocked off four straight SEC opponents by a combined score of 114–46. With that, alumni began inquiring about hotel rooms for the Sugar Bowl, and T shirts emblazoned with HOW ABOUT THEM DAWGS? were the hot item on the Athens campus.

All this from a team whose roster includes but 11 seniors, a club whose coach, Vince Dooley, admits, "It's not a great team, we don't have enough really good players," and one whose quarterback says, "If we don't play well, we can get beat by anyone on our schedule. We just don't have the natural ability and we're not going to outclass a lot of people on sheer talent."

What Georgia does have is character, a running back named Willie McClendon and a knack for playing near errorless football. The Bulldogs also are blessed with the kind of unity other teams only read about and a winning attitude that owes a large measure of thanks to the media.

For along with their vanquished opposition, the Bulldogs have embarrassed a host of football writers, nearly all of whom predicted the kind of season Georgians experienced when General Sherman was messing up their magnolias. In 1977 Georgia's record was 5–6 as the team committed a school-record 57 fumbles. Moreover, Georgia had lost 20 lettermen and had 36 sophomores and freshmen on its roster. Only three starters were returning to the "Junkyard Dogs" defense that had taken Georgia to the Sugar Bowl at the end of the 1976 season.

"If Dooley can produce a winner this year," one preview ran, "he's truly a magician. Four victories look like the maximum, and the Vandy game could very well decide who dwells in the SEC cellar this year." Dooley, who is in his 15th year as Georgia coach, didn't expect much more himself. "I thought we would do well if we had a winning season," he says.

When the Bulldogs read of their impending wretchedness, however, they did a slow burn that may fire them all the way back to the Sugar Bowl. "Those stories just got everybody a little hacked off," says Quarterback Jeff Pyburn, whose father Jim coaches the defensive ends and linebackers. "I don't think anyone took into account that we had a lot of guys on this team who wanted to fight. That's brought us a long way."

Indeed, of the factors accounting for the Bulldogs' success, internal competition probably is the primary one. Spring practice was one of the most competitive in Dooley's memory, and the fight for starting positions intensified when freshmen, like Split End Lindsay Scott and Defensive Guard Jimmy Payne, joined the team in the fall.

The freshmen have done more than spur the veteran Bulldogs to greater effort. Scott, a 17-year-old public relations major, is the team's leading pass receiver and a special teams player whose 99-yard kickoff return against LSU sparked Georgia to a 24–17 win at Baton Rouge. Payne leads the Bulldogs in sacks.

The Bulldog offense also has performed with more effectiveness this season as the result of a change from the veer to the I. Including the Kentucky game—in which the Bulldogs didn't suffer a single turnover and weren't penalized a single yard—Georgia has fumbled only 18 times. Pyburn, who seems to hoard his good passes until third down, has thrown but one interception. Mike Garrett's 40.1-yard punting average also has eased the defensive burden, while Rex Robinson, the sophomore who booted the game-winning field goal against

continued



McClendon has seven straight 100 yard games

Kentucky with only three seconds left on the Commonwealth Stadium clock, has been nearly perfect from placement, having connected on nine of 11 field-goal attempts and 17 of 17 PATs.

Because the I stations the tailback one yard deeper in the backfield, it has given McClendon another split second to reach top speed and thus hit the line at maximum power. More than any other Bulldog, he epitomizes Georgia; like his team, he seems to have come out of nowhere to stunning success.

A 6′ 2″, 205-pound senior, McClendon carried the ball only 116 times for 705 yards last season. This year McClendon is the SEC's leading rusher, with 966 yards in seven games, even though his offensive linemen average only 1 7 seasons of varsity experience.

"I think it's a great confidence booster to our offense to know that any time Willie touches the ball, he can go all the way with it," says Jeff Pyburn. "It's made our offensive line play harder. They take pride in his yardage."

McClendon is a slashing runner whose speed makes him a breakaway threat and whose power inflicts punishment on tacklers. He has gained more than 100 yards in every game this season, including Saturday night, when he ran for 146 yards and a touchdown on 29 carries.

McClendon's most damaging play against Kentucky, however, was an option pass to sophomore Flanker Anthony Arnold, whom Wildcat fans swore was out of bounds on the right sideline when he hauled in the ball for a 33-yard gain. The play was Georgia's first from scrimmage after Freddie Williams had smashed over from a yard out for Kentucky's second touchdown and a 16–0 lead in the third quarter. The pass also ignited a Bulldog comeback when Dooley's team might reasonably have collapsed. Five plays later, McClendon scored from the four to make the score 16–7 and set up the thrilling finish.

Early in the fourth quarter, when Kentucky's defense was tiring, the Bulldogs launched a 74-yard march that ended in a six-yard touchdown pass from Pyburn to Tight End Ulysses Norris.

But Kentucky came back with a drive of its own to the Georgia 25-yard line. Then, with 4:09 left, a 42-yard field-goal attempt fell short, thus giving the Bulldogs the chance to finish the game with their most inspired work of the night. McClendon carried six times for 36 yards, and Pyburn connected on a pair of passes for 23 more in a 63-yard march that reached the Kentucky 12 and set up Robinson's field goal.

"They really stuck it to us in the first half," Dooley said afterward, "but I was encouraged that we kept fighting. When Robinson went in to kick the field goal at the end, I was confident. He'd missed his first two of the season earlier, and I knew there was no way he was going to miss three in the same game."

Despite the 6–1 record, few Georgia players are likely to become All-America or NFL draft choices. The exceptions are McClendon, Norris and Linebacker Ricky McBride, whom Dooley calls "the glue to our defense."

The Bulldogs have been lucky, no question there. They have yet to suffer a major injury, for instance, after going through six quarterbacks a year ago. With its preponderance of underclassmen, the team should be making rookie mistakes. Perhaps its competitive smarts originate in a roster that includes 16 former quarterbacks, four of whom Dooley has made defensive backs. Dooley also moved Ray Donaldson from linebacker to center, and Donaldson had never played over the ball before. His coaching instructions consisted of: "Take the ball in hand. Give to quarterback." Donaldson has yet to bollix a snap.

But if the Bulldogs carry the potential for their own disaster, they are well aware of it, and that may be their salvation. One worry Georgia doesn't have, in mind or on the schedule, is Alabama.

"I hope the balloon doesn't burst," Dooley said two days before the Kentucky game. "We may be brought to earth, but who knows? That's what so great about this game."

For Georgia fans, the game has never been greater.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST Navy's mascot had disappeared, its nation-leading defense was regarded by some as a phenomenon of the Middies' schedule, and despite being unbeaten and not having trailed at any time this season, the Middies were five-point underdogs against Pittsburgh. None of that dampened an uncustomary display of enthusiasm at Annapolis, where bed sheets urging on the Middies were draped from buildings, where Tecumseh's statue was daubed with paint to mark this as a truly pivotal game and where nobody seemed to mind that Bill XXI had been MIA since Oct. 10.

Pitt tested Navy's defense right off, reaching the Middie 25-, 23- and 32-yard lines in the first quarter. Each time the Panthers came away empty, and Navy led 7–3 at halftime. In the third period the Midshipmen scored twice as Larry Klawinski rammed over from three yards out and Kurt Gainer gathered in a four-yard pass from Bob Leszcynski for a TD.

It was not until the fourth quarter that the Panthers got their lone touchdown on a two-yard run by Freddie Jacobs. John Merrill, a 6′ 6″, 248-pound defensive end, said Navy's defense had been "fired up" by Pitt Quarterback Rick Trocano. Explained Merrill, "Trocano said our stats were impressive but that we hadn't played anybody." Thus fired-up, Navy shut off Pitt's rushing game, leaving the Panthers with minus-28 yards to show for 34 carries. Trocano had to go to the air, completing 25 of 51 passes for 275 yards. But even with Steve Gaustad grabbing 11 of those throws, Pitt lost 21–11 before a record crowd of 32,909 at Annapolis.

Army downed Colgate 28–3 behind the passing of Jerryl Bennett, a freshman quarterback making his first start. Bennett threw two scoring passes, and Jim Merriken dashed 49 yards for another touchdown.

West Virginia, playing at home, had the makings of a major upset when it shot to a 14–0 lead over Penn State after less than four minutes. The Mountaineers scored on an 11-yard pass from Dutch Hoffman to Rich Duggan and then, after an interception, on a 13-yard run by Dane Conwell. From there on though, the Nittany Lions were in charge, scoring the next 42 points on the way to a 49–21 win. Mike Guman returned a punt 85 yards for State's first score. Pete Harris, Franco's brother, intercepted his sixth pass of the season and ran it back 26 yards to the Mountaineer one, from where Chuck Fusina took it in. Fusina locked up State's 16th straight win by hitting on nine of 13 passes.

In much the same way that Trocano's slight enlivened Navy, comments by Holy Cross players aroused Brown, the Bears taking exception to quotes that they would be a "breather." Brown broke a 10–10 tie in the second half and went on to knock the Crusaders from the unbeaten ranks, 31–25. Mark Whipple of the Bears ran for two touchdowns and passed for another pair. Using a split-six defense, with its linebackers playing wide to shut down outside runs, Brown allowed visiting Holy Cross only 94 yards on the ground, 136 below its average.

Dave Dorn raced 94 yards with the opening kickoff to start Rutgers on its way to a 69–0 rout of Columbia. Added to the spree were a 36-yard pass reception by Dorn and

continued

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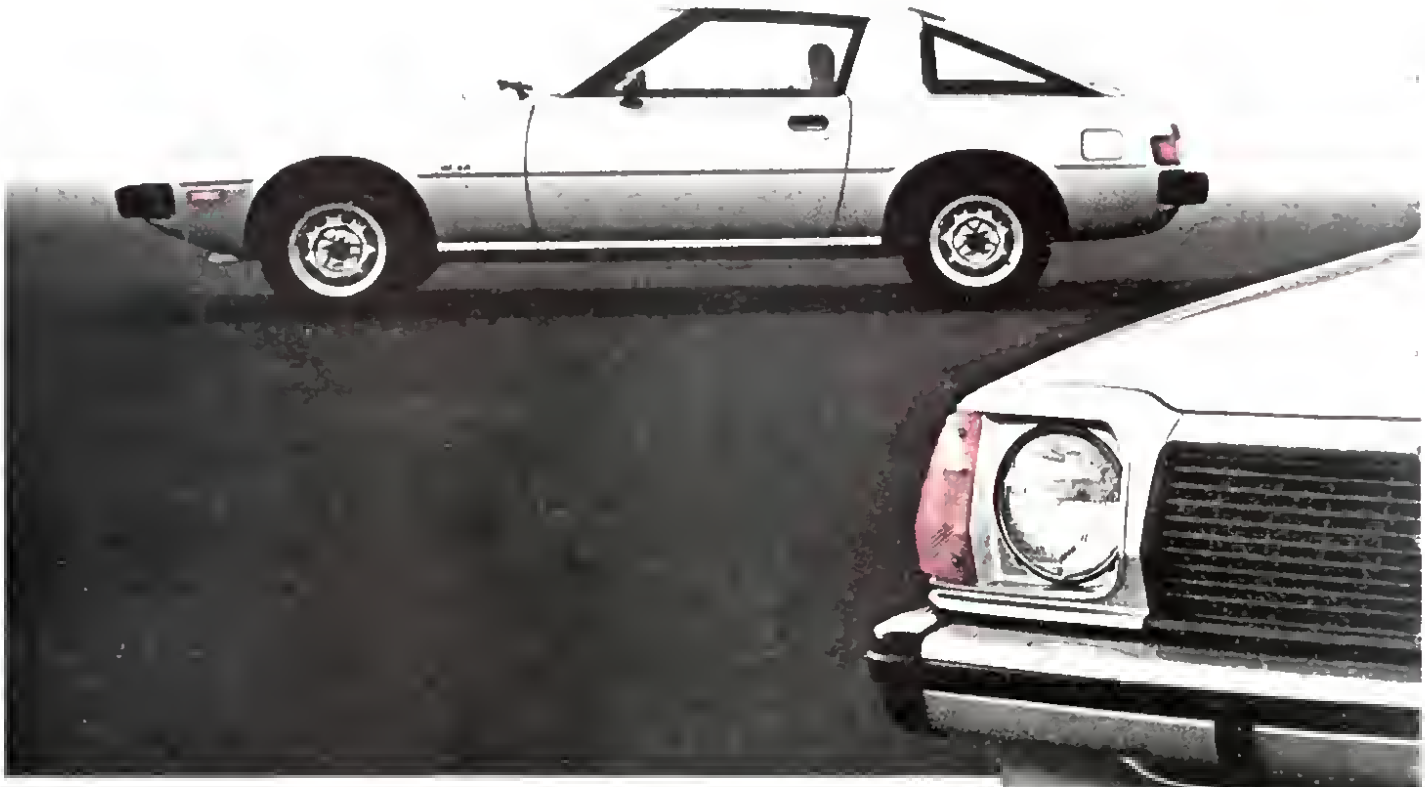
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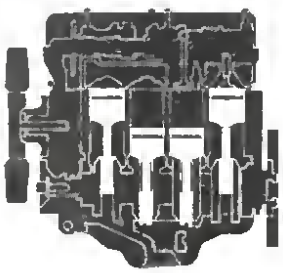
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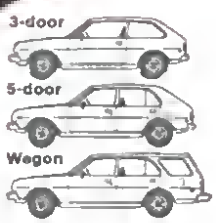
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CABERNET SAUVIGNON

three short scoring runs by Ted Blackwell.

Cornell's Joe Holland, who took the field as the nation's top rusher with 155.4 yards a game, was outgained by Dartmouth's Jeff Dufresne 169 yards to 112. The Big Green's 14–7 victory left them tied with Brown for the Ivy League lead. Yale outgained Pennsylvania 202 yards to nine through the air and 361 to 196 overall, but had to settle for a 17–17 deadlock. The Bulldogs earned the tie when Pat O'Brien passed 14 yards to John Spagnola for a touchdown with 27 seconds left and then tacked on a two-point conversion by connecting with John Hatem. Battling to another stalemate were Harvard and Princeton, the Tigers scoring last to earn a 24–24 standoff.

A 17–10 victory over Connecticut clinched at least a tie for first place for defending Yankee Conference champion Massachusetts. Boston University's hopes for the crown were set back by a 7–6 loss at Rhode Island. Maine, which had yielded 227 points, gave up 25 more against independent Lafayette. But John Marquis picked up 208 yards in 49 carries for the Black Bears, who scored 31 points of their own to earn their second win.

Fumble recoveries by Defensive End Dave Hibbard led to both of Bucknell's touchdowns during a 13–6 upset at Lehigh.

1.PENN STATE (8–0)
2.NAVY (7–0) 3.PITTSBURGH (5–2)

SOUTHWEST

"It seemed that everywhere we turned we ran into a blind alley," said Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz following a 20–9 loss at Houston. The first three times the Razorbacks had the ball they scored, Ismael Ordonez booting field goals of 27, 42 and 27 yards. Then it was blind-alley time, the Hogs gaining only 45 yards rushing in the final three periods. Meanwhile, the Cougar backs were finding daylight, Randy Love ripping off 120 yards and Emmett King 123.

Keeping pace with Houston for the Southwest Conference lead was Texas, a 22–3 winner over Southern Methodist. Heeding the request of Johnny (Lam) Jones turned out to be a wise move for Longhorn Coach Fred Akers. "I believe if you put me on the kickoff-return team I can make a contribution," Jones had said to Akers early in the week. Given a chance, Jones set a Texas record by zipping 102 yards for a touchdown with a kickoff in the third period after SMU's Eddie Garcia had tied the score 3–3 with a 27-yard field goal. The Longhorns then scored TDs on their next two possessions. Texas defenders corralled Mike Ford of the Mustangs, who had been averaging 302 yards a game passing, limiting him to a 10-for-31 performance and 122 yards.

Emory Bellard, disturbed by a rumor that he would be fired at the end of the season, resigned as coach at Texas A&M. There was apparently no substance to such gossip, but Bellard nonetheless stepped down midway through his seventh season and was replaced by one of his assistants, Tom Wilson. On the Aggies' first play against Rice, Wilson ordered a play "I had been waiting five years to use." The play sent a man in motion to the right and then had Aggie Quarterback Mike Mosley pass to the left, where Split End Gerald Carter, running a fly pattern, hauled in the ball and went 52 yards into the end zone. Two one-yard plunges by Raymond Belcher put the Aggies comfortably ahead before the first period was over, a cushion they extended to 31–0 before Randy Hertel got Rice on the scoreboard with three touchdown passes. The Owls' resurgence was not nearly enough as A&M won 38–21.

For the second week in a row, freshman Walter Abercrombie of Baylor went on a rampage. This time he picked up 167 yards and scored twice as the Bears, in spite of eight turnovers, fought off Texas Christian 28–21.

1.TEXAS (6–1)
2.HOUSTON (6–1) 3.ARKANSAS (4–2)

WEST

It gets a bit messy, but UCLA Coach Terry Donahue doesn't mind his players celebrating victories by dousing him and his white alpaca sweater with Coke. Neater, but less elated, was Arizona Coach Tony Mason, a 24–14 loser at UCLA. The Bruins held on to the No. 1 spot in the Pac-10 by breezing to a 24–0 halftime edge while unveiling a talented freshman, Freeman McNeill, who gained 104 yards rushing and scored on a 44-yard against-the-grain run.

"How does a man his size do that?" wondered California Coach Roger Theder after 5′11″, 180-pound Charles White continually broke tackles to gain 187 yards in Southern California's 42–17 victory. When White was not shrugging off the eight-man line designed to stop him, Paul McDonald was uncorking four touchdown passes, three of them hauled in by Kevin Williams. In addition, the Trojans' Lynn Cain sprang loose for 133 yards in 13 carries. Another coach with a question was Oregon State's Craig Fertig, who wanted to know "When is Stanford going to run out of quarterbacks?" Prompting the query was Steve Dils, who connected on 23 of 36 passes for 285 yards and two touchdowns as the Cardinals beat the Beavers 24–6.

Washington and Oregon also won conference games. The Huskies clobbered Arizona State 41–7 as Kyle Stevens ran for 101 yards and the defense intercepted three passes and scooped up four fumbles. With Jack Thompson having an off day—he hit on nine of 30 passes—Washington State was upset 31–7 at Oregon. The Ducks, who had lost their past four games in the final minutes, outscored the Cougars 14–0 in the fourth period to look up their first win of the season.

Allan Clark ran for 261 yards, including a 63-yard touchdown jaunt, and threw an option pass for another score in Northern Arizona's 43–22 upset of Montana State, which had been unbeaten and ranked No. 1 in Division I-AA. The Lumberjacks' victory put them first in the Big Sky Conference.

1.UCLA (7–1)
2.USC (6–1) 3.WASHINGTON (5–3)

MIDEAST

"As long as I am head coach, we won't quit," said Colorado's Bill Mallory following a devastating 52–14 loss to Nebraska two weeks ago. With his Buffaloes trailing 27–7 in the third quarter, Mallory's players made their coach an honest man. Quarterback Bill Solomon, normally more of a runner than a thrower, found holes in Missouri's pass defense and completed eight of 11 aerials for 144 yards in three scoring drives. Eddie Ford climaxed two of those marches with runs of seven and 16 yards, and Solomon himself ran 12 yards for the other. A Pete Dadiotis kick supplied the extra point that put the Buffs in front 28–27. Colorado kept the score there but had to survive two scares to do so. Phil Bradley, who passed for 241 yards on 15 of 22 attempts, had a wide-open receiver drop the ball during the closing minutes. Bradley then took Missouri down to the Colorado 25, where he was thrown for a loss on third-and-10. In came Jeff Broekhaus to try a 43-yard field goal. Brockhaus, who had missed a PAT kick because of a low snap, was short because of another poor snap, leaving the no-quit Buffs on top.

Oklahoma State Coach Jim Stanley was about as happy as one could be with a defeat, saying, "Some ways, I don't think we lost." One of the ways they did lose was on the scoreboard in Nebraska's Memorial Stadium, 22–14. But the Cowboys did beat out the Cornhuskers in total offense, 323 yards to 316. And had it not been for an exceptional play by Defensive End Derrie Nelson, State just might have had a tie. It was Nelson who scooted almost from one sideline to the other to bring down Worley Taylor after a 57-yard gain on a pass with 2:33 to go. With the ball on the Nebraska 20-yard line, the Cowboys longed for a touchdown and a two-point conversion that would have made the score 22–22. They got neither, the Huskers stopping them on the series.

Four interceptions and 465 yards rushing propelled Oklahoma past Kansas State 56–19 in another Big Eight matchup as Billy Sims gained 202 yards. The Sooners' victory left them tied with the Huskers for first place in the conference.

Iowa State ended a three-game losing streak with a 13–7 victory at Kansas. Dexter Green scored the Cyclones' first touchdown on a one-yard plunge. When Green was injured, Victor Mack, who took his place, gained 111 yards and scored on a 14-yard run.

continued

"When I looked at the film on Iowa, I saw that their zone defense all but gives you the middle and the outside. So I went there on my first two passes and hit on them for 61 yards." So said Mark Herrmann after guiding Purdue to a 34–7 triumph at Iowa City. In completing half of his 28 passes, Herrmann picked up 186 yards and two TDs to help the Boilermakers retain their Big Ten lead.

The Pail and Shovel Party, which is "dedicated to the 4-year-old in all of us," has taken over the campus political scene at Wisconsin. It has conducted a toga party for 12,000 students and helped the student senate change the school name to the University of New Jersey so that "kids from Wisconsin can say they graduated from a prestigious Eastern school." For a few moments it seemed the Pail and Shovel group had somehow infiltrated the game against Michigan State in East Lansing, where the Badgers grabbed a 2–0 lead. That, though, was the end of Wisconsin's fun. For the third time in four games Ed Smith of the Spartans passed for more than 300 yards. This time he gained 334 yards, hitting on 19 of 29 passes, four of them for touchdowns. Leroy McGee contributed 124 yards rushing to State's 645 yards of total offense that led to a 55–2 wipeout.

Tied with Michigan State for second place in the Big Ten were two other winners, Michigan and Ohio State. The Wolverines shredded Minnesota 42–10 as Rick Leach accumulated 205 yards total offense while passing for three touchdowns and running for two more. Freshman Butch Woolfolk took over for the injured Harlan Huckleby and gained 131 yards in 23 eracks. Eight Buckeyes scored, four tailbacks ran for a total of 332 yards and the ground game netted 511 yards as Woody Hayes ran up his biggest score in 28 years at Ohio State. Actually, Hayes tried to keep the score down, but could not keep his troops from routing Northwestern 63–20. Woody used 71 players, shut down the passing attack and once took a four-yard gain rather than a 15-yard penalty. Indiana also won convincingly, drubbing Illinois 31–10.

Notre Dame won its fifth straight game, blanking Miami of Florida 20–0. The Irish defense yielded only 123 yards, while the offense churned out 390 and Vagas Ferguson scored both of Notre Dame's touchdowns.

Because he was recovering from a concussion suffered the week before, David Spriggs of New Mexico State was not expected to pass much at Wichita State. But with a 14-mph wind at his back, Spriggs threw on three of his first four plays. He completed all three, one for 45 yards and another for a 17-yard touchdown to Gary Steele that started the Aggies on their way to a 31–21 win that gave them sole possession of first place in the Missouri Valley Conference.

Tulsa stayed half a game back, piling up 576 yards in total offense while downing Drake 44–20. Dave Rader passed for three Golden Hurricane touchdowns and Sherman Johnson rushed for 151 yards and two scores.

It took St. John's of Minnesota only 18 seconds to score at Macalester. That was nothing new to the Scots, who went on to lose 44–0 and to set an NCAA record with their 40th straight loss. When it was over, all that Macalester President John B. Davis could say was, "We worked toward this day for a long time and now we can make some new plans."

1.OKLAHOMA (8–0)
2.NEBRASKA (7–1) 3.MICHIGAN (6–1)

SOUTH

"I'd rather be playing Slippery Rock," said Virginia Tech Coach Bill Dooley before taking the field at Alabama. Just as Dooley feared, it turned out to be a long afternoon as the Tide plucked his Gobblers clean 35–0. While 'Bama won its 21st consecutive homecoming game, Dooley could only marvel as the Tide showed its offensive versatility by gaining more yardage passing than rushing, 233 to 211. Eleven of Alabama's 14 passes were on target. Grabbing five of them for 148 yards was Keith Pugh, who twice had to dive for receptions, once for a 45-yard touchdown and later for a 30-yard gain to the one-yard line. Meanwhile, Slippery Rock (Pa.) State lost 17–14 against Edinboro State.

In another out-of-conference contest, Auburn defeated Wake Forest 21–7. Joe Cribbs of the Tigers scored twice on a one-yard plunge and a two-yard run, giving him 12 touchdowns.

Mississippi State and Mississippi both won on the road in Tennessee. In Knoxville, the Bulldogs took advantage of four Tennessee turnovers to build a 34–3 lead and went on to win 34–21. State's Dave Marler completed 14 of 20 passes for 228 yards. Mardye McDole gained 174 yards by making four of those receptions, two good for touchdowns covering 35 and 78 yards. Vanderbilt, which like Tennessee is winless in SEC play, led Mississippi 10–0 after one period of play in Nashville but then the Rebels took command to come out on top 35–10.

Maryland advanced to this week's battle of unbeatens at Penn State by winning 27–0 at Duke. Lloyd Burruss' 56-yard punt return and intereeption, plus three fumble recoveries by the defense, set up the Terps' scoring. Although his string of 100-yard efforts ended at seven, Steve Atkins scored all three Maryland touchdowns on short runs. Field goals of 26 and 47 yards by Ed Loncar rounded out the scoring. Duke outgained Maryland 278 yards to 258, but was stymied by five turnovers. Much of the Blue Devil offense resulted from the passing of Stan Driskell, who completed 22 of 39 passes for 212 yards.

Also remaining undefeated in Atlantic Coast Conference action was Clemson. "Ted Brown's not the only Brown in the world," said Lester Brown of the Tigers, referring to his North Carolina State counterpart. "My goal all week was to prove that." Lester made a strong case for himself, outdistancing the more celebrated Ted 117 yards to 70 and scoring on runs of one and 11 yards. Another Brown, Clemson linebacker Bubba, further contributed to the Tigers' 33–10 triumph in Raleigh by being in on 17 tackles.

Georgia Tech, a quasi-ACC member this season (its games do not count in the standings) took its sixth in a row by overcoming outsider Florida 17–13. The Gators led 10–0 in the second period and 13–10 in the fourth before being done in by Eddie Lee Ivery and Mike Kelley. Ivery scored twice as he ground out 146 yards rushing, and freshman Kelley hit on 12 of 20 passes for 175 yards.

North Carolina, too, relied on the passing of a freshman, Chuck Sharpe throwing three scoring strikes in the first half to build a 21–6 edge at South Carolina. A field goal put the Tar Heels ahead 24–6. Then Skip Ramsey came off the Gamecock bench to throw a 52-yard scoring pass to Tim Gillespie and, 2:41 later, a 49-yarder to Horace Smith. A pair of two-point conversion passes by Ramsey cut South Carolina's deficit to 24–22, which was as close as the Gamecocks could get.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Billy Sims, an Oklahoma junior, had his second straight 200-yard game as the Sooners beat Kansas State 56–19, scoring twice and gaining 202 yards in 25 tries to up his season's rushing yardage to 1,176.

DEFENSE: Bubba Brown, a 6-foot, 205-pound junior linebacker for Clemson, took part in 17 tackles as the Tigers stayed in the thick of the Atlantic Coast Conference race by polishing off North Carolina State 33–10.

Runners broke loose to lead Louisville and Northwestern Louisiana to victories. For the Cardinals it was Nathan Poole who rushed for 186 yards and two touchdowns in a 33–21 conquest of William & Mary. For the Demons it was Joe Delaney, a sophomore who runs the 100 in 9.5. Delaney gained 263 of his 299 yards in the second half and scored on runs of 87, 71 and 25 yards and from one yard out as the Demons beat Nicholls State 28–18. Florida State, though, took to the air, Wally Woodham tossing four touchdown passes to down Southern Mississippi 38–16.

Western Carolina set up this week's showdown with Tennessee-Chattanooga for supremacy in the Southern Conference by crushing VMI 41–12. That win elevated the Catamounts into a first-place tie with the Moccasins, who lost for the first time, 28–24 at McNeese State in a non-conference game.

1.ALABAMA (7–1)
2.MARYLAND (8–0) 3.GEORGIA (6–1)



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A grueling trip out of nowhere

The U.S. women used to be patsies but Patty, Flo and Debbie are changing that

For years the best volleyballs in the world were stamped MADE IN JAPAN. And the best women players came from that nation, too. Somehow the same country that produced the serene geisha also could produce the dervish defender who would fling herself around a court so adroitly and with such abandon that opponents felt they were smashing balls at a transistorized retrieving device devised by Hitachi.

But the Japanese weren't alone in regularly pounding U.S. women's volleyball teams. Even Peru trounced the U.S. This was especially humiliating because volleyball is as American as a Big Mac, having been invented by William G. Morgan of Holyoke, Mass. in 1895. By the time it became an Olympic sport in Tokyo in 1964, the U.S. women could only finish fifth in a field of six—and that was the high point. Four years later they were last in a field of eight, and they haven't even been able to qualify for the two most recent Olympic Games.

But cheer up, patriots, there are indications of a turnaround. The U.S. has done well lately in tournaments in Bulgaria, South Korea, China and the Soviet Union, so well, in fact, that there is actually a good chance America will qualify for the Moscow Games. And Sunday night in Hilo, Hawaii, there was a result that probably shorted out Sonys all over the globe: the U.S. and Japanese national teams finished a grueling 29-day tour, and the U.S. won 20 matches to eight.

One could point out that this is not an Olympic year, or that Japan left its best spiker home, which it did, or that the visitors couldn't get their customary supply of sushi in places like Springfield, Mass. But an official of the U.S. Volleyball Association was having none of it. "How long has it been since we dominated anybody with JAPAN on their shirts?" he asked.

"Four years ago last June a U.S. team toured Japan," said Don Green, father of U.S. setter Debbie Green. "It won only one game against first- and second-level teams. It played Japan's national team twice and scored an average of only three points a game."

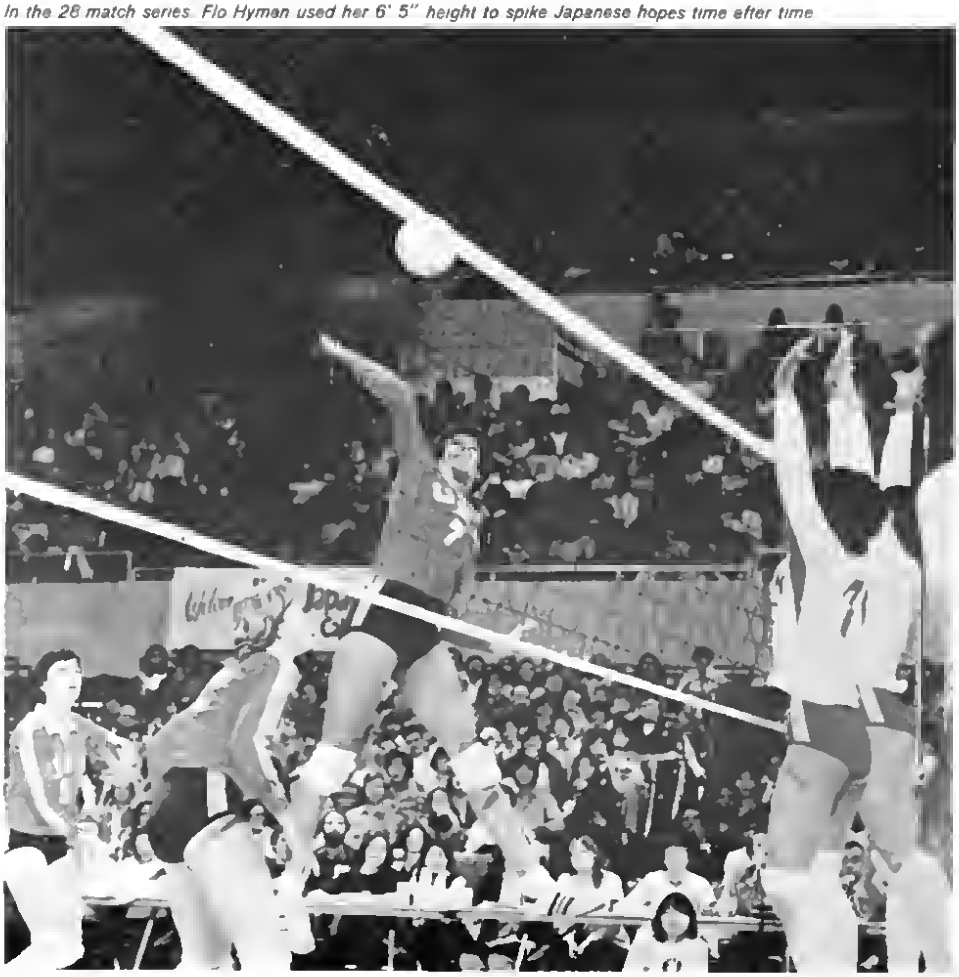
This year's tour began Oct. 2 in Anchorage and whizzed through the Pacific Northwest, the Rockies, the Midwest (where 12,942 showed up for the match in Minneapolis, the largest volleyball crowd in U.S. history), the East, Texas and California before winding up in Hilo.

Even by the time the tour left Muncie, Ind., on Oct. 16, the U.S. had taken command (13–3) over the team that had won the gold medal at Montreal. Flo Hyman, who is 6′ 5″, had established herself as the most powerful spiker, Patty Dowdell as the best blocker and Green as the best setter.

There are three reasons for the American team's quick improvement. First, a youth development program was established in Orange County, Calif. five years ago. Second, the U.S. Olympic Committee has set up a year-round training center, run by the USVA, in Colorado Springs, where most of the best Amer-

continued

In the 28 match series, Flo Hyman used her 6′ 5″ height to spike Japanese hopes time after time



ican players have worked out. And third, these women are being pushed hard by their coach, Arie Selinger, a former Israeli paratrooper.

No one would mistake one of Selinger's practice sessions for a Junior League charity ball. Again and again, the players leap at the net with weights strapped to their ankles. Setters set hundreds of balls into a canvas bin—behind them. They run wind sprints until they get wobbly. In a favorite drill, Selinger mounts a platform on one side of the net and spikes ball after ball, while the women on the other side have to keep the balls off the floor, running, bending low or diving after them. In another drill, Selinger stands on the court and repeatedly throws balls while three women dive, dig, roll, get up and reverse direction in a figure-eight pattern Selinger obviously picked up from the Marquis de Sade.

After a few hours of this the players are exhausted. Or, in Selinger's view, ready for an hour or two of hard scrimmaging.

A short man with a gaunt face, Selinger was born in 1937 in the Jewish ghetto of Krakow, Poland. In World War II, to escape the Nazis, his family hid out for two years before being caught and shipped to Bergen Belsen, the concentration camp in northwest Germany. In 1945 Selinger was headed for an execution site when American troops captured the train he was on and liberated the prisoners.

Selinger and his mother, the only two members of his family to survive the war, went to Palestine, where in and around military service, Arie became a sprinter, long-jumper, pentathlete and high-leaping volleyball player on Israel's national team. Later he coached men's club teams and the Israeli national women's team.

In 1969 Selinger began studying at the University of Illinois, where he earned a Ph.D. in the physiology of exercise. In February of 1975 he was named coach of the U.S. women's team, then training in Pasadena, Texas.

When the USOC opened its first permanent training center in Colorado Springs, at what used to be an Air Force base, the team moved north. The center is a bit weedy and still looks more like a high-desert basic training camp than the campuslike park that was planned. Buildings are named after sites of past Games. Selinger, his wife and one of his two daughters have an apartment in a barracks called Athens. (Their other daughter just returned to Israel to study and their 19-year-old son is currently serving in the Israeli army.) The cream of America's female volleyball players are in a green building once known as Barracks 13 but now named Grenoble.

They are an extraordinary group of athletes. Bob Beeten, the USOC's head trainer, says that "in terms of overall strength, they are probably the best or among the best" women athletes he has ever tested, "fitter even than the track and field women, with the exception of distance runners. Arie made a pretty good anatomical selection of them," says Beeten. "They were well identified physiologically. I think they're going to accomplish a great deal."

One of the finest "anatomical selections" is the 6′ 1″, 160-pound Dowdell, who, Selinger says, is "one of the best, or *the* best, blocker in the world. She can get seven points a game blocking, and blocking is the most difficult skill."

Dowdell, 24 and nearsighted, has also excelled in basketball and hurling the javelin, and is almost as good a spiker as a blocker. Last year at an international tournament in Varna, Bulgaria, the U.S. defeated the Soviet Union, Hungary, Finland and Cuba, losing only to the eventual winner, North Korea. Dowdell was chosen as the tournament's best spiker. At the World Championships in the Soviet Union last summer, she was MVP among teams that finished fifth through eighth. Selinger calls Dowdell and Hyman "my two cannons."

The setter who, in effect, loads the cannons is the 5′ 4″, 125-pound Green. Despite having two years of eligibility left, she is one of the five women who left Southern California's national championship team in order to train at Colorado Springs. Green, 20, who is half Korean, has the good setter's ability to see the approaching ball and the opposing blockers at the same time and set the ball accordingly.

"She's the quarterback," says Selinger. "She makes the choices. If we play smart or don't play smart, that's up to Debbie Green. Against Oriental teams her height is not a liability and versus taller teams she is smart enough to 'block soft' or to deflect the ball in the right direction."

Green knows how to set 60 different ways, not counting improvisations if the pass to her is bad. If she proves deficient or gets tired, Selinger can call on 5′ 6″ Laurel Brassey, who played on the San Diego State men's volleyball team in 1974.

The three other starters, ex-USC stars Debbie Landreth, Terry Place and Sue Woodstra, are excellent all-round players, and several less-experienced players are coming up fast.

The next competition for the U.S. team is much more important than the U.S.-Japan tour. It is the American zone tournament in Cuba in April, where the U.S. squad must finish ahead of Canada and Mexico to qualify for Moscow. Cuba, the finest women's team in the world right now, has already qualified by winning the World Championships (the U.S. finished fifth but lost fewer games than any team except Cuba).

With the Cuban trip in mind, the finest national women's volleyball team in U.S. history planned to take off all of four days in Hawaii after the Japan tour ended in Hilo. Then it would be back to Barracks 13 for fund raising, clinics and new commando drills that Selinger has been anxiously waiting to unleash. END



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Metcalf needs new linemen and new plays

NFL defector Terry Metcalf has hardly dazzled them in Toronto the way he did in St. Louis, but it's not all his fault

In his personal tale of two cities, it should be the worst of times for Terry Metcalf, the 27-year-old American expatriate whose pro football career in Toronto has not reminded anyone of his years in St. Louis. Stateside fans will remember Metcalf as one of the most versatile athletes in the NFL during his five seasons with the Cardinals. A gifted running back, a superb receiver and a game breaker on special teams, Metcalf set an NFL record in 1975 when he rushed, received, returned and recovered the ball for 2,462 yards and 13 touchdowns. In two of his NFL seasons, Metcalf led the Cardinals to the playoffs as champions of the NFC East. For better (36 touchdowns) or worse (56 fumbles), the 5′ 10″, 190-pound Metcalf was undeniably spectacular, and the NFL this season is less exciting without him. Particularly St. Louis.

Metcalf left 'em cheering. His last NFL touchdown helped the NFC to a 14–13 win over the AFC in January's Pro Bowl. That game marked the end of his option year with the Cardinals, who had seemed playoff bound again until they lost their last four games to finish with a 7–7 record in a season marred by open hostility among the players, the coaches and the owner, penurious Bill Bidwill. Two months later, after free agent Metcalf turned down several curiously similar NFL offers that he considered to be too low, he signed a seven-year, $1.4 million contract with the Canadian Football League's Toronto Argonauts, thereby becoming the first established NFL star to take his act north of the border.

For a player of Metcalf's speed and multiple skills, the CFL seemed made to order. The fields are 10 yards longer and 11⅓ yards wider than those in the U.S., and there are three downs—not four. Canadian football demands a wide-open offense in which passing is the rule, not the exception. receivers can be in motion, in any direction—including forward—before the ball is snapped. CFL defensive players are also generally smaller than their American counterparts. So the prospects were good that Metcalf would tear up the CFL and collect on all the performance clauses written into his contract, especially after his debut on July 12.

In Toronto's league opener against the Hamilton Tiger-Cats, Metcalf was nothing short of brilliant. He rushed for 163 yards, returned three punts for 46 yards, two kickoffs for 82 yards, and scored two touchdowns as the Argos won 34–22. Moreover, Metcalf quieted the Toronto fans who feared he might be another Anthony Davis, the former USC running back—now an injured Houston Oiler—whose moodiness baffled Canadians when he played for Toronto in 1976.

Toronto owner William R. Hodgson, a hotel magnate with a history of bad returns on his football investments, spent $1 million to sign Davis to a five-year contract, and he promptly became the biggest bust, if not the most hated player, in the history of the franchise. Argo fans, already aggrieved by the amount of money Hodgson was paying a foreigner, were outraged by Davis' sulking and his listless efforts on the field. Davis finally bought up his contract after 13 games, and then signed on with his former USC Coach John McKay at Tampa Bay.

Metcalf, in contrast, has been a pleasant surprise, and the fans have stuck by him even though his performances have tailed off greatly since the opener.

"The best thing about Terry," says Joe Scannella, coach of the Montreal Alouettes, "is that he's really trying. He's been busting himself for the club even though everyone on the defense is zeroing in on him. The wider field, which everyone thought would help him, hasn't, because Toronto can't get him outside. He also has to play the whole game—punt returns, kickoffs and the like—and when a guy with a big name comes up here for big money, everybody's fired up to stop him and they go at it extra hard. I really admire the kid, because he hasn't quit, and if he didn't cost $250,000 or whatever, I'd love to have him."

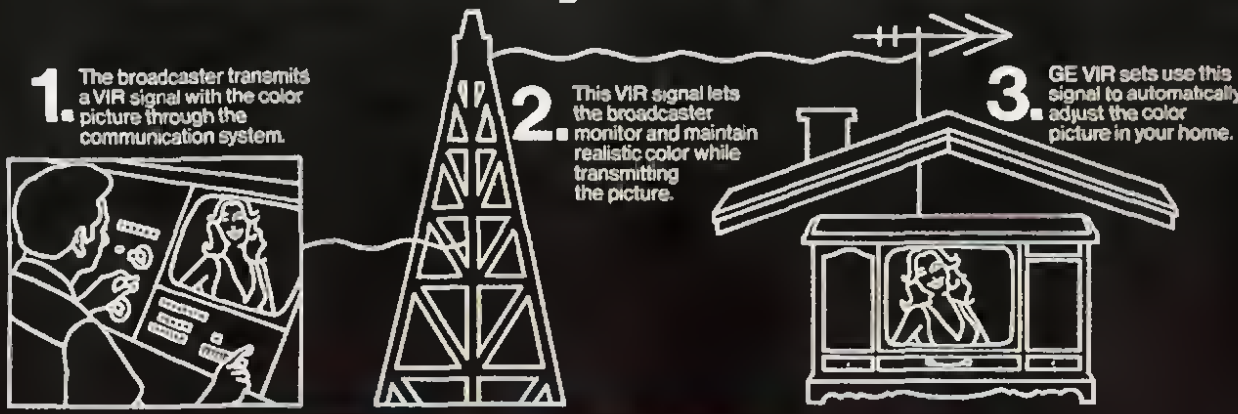
Unhappily, Metcalf's thrilling performance against the Tiger-Cats has so far proved to be his only outstanding effort. He has suffered from a painful and lingering case of "turf toe," as well as a knee injury that sidelined him for most of one game, and an inept offensive line that so far this season has included 14 different guards.

As a result, Metcalf's stats are anemic. Through Toronto's first 15 games, he has rushed for 574 yards on 155 carries and ranks only third in the Eastern Conference. His yardage total is also topped by five Western Conference backs, including Saskatchewan's Mike Strickland, the CFL leader with 1,306 yards.

Since his debut, Metcalf has scored only one other touchdown and caught just 30 passes for 263 yards. His longest gain on any play from scrimmage has

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been just 34 yards on a pass play. His longest run has been 26 yards. Moreover, he has not been as effective as he expected on the special teams: a CFL rule limits downfield blocking on punt returns, and opponents wisely keep the ball away from Metcalf on kickoffs.

In addition, after winning three of its first four games, Toronto, which has not won the Grey Cup since 1952, has become one of the worst teams in the league. Including last Sunday's 31–15 loss to the British Columbia Lions, Toronto has lost ten of its last 11 games.

The crux of the Argos' offensive problems is the line, with its almost weekly turnover in personnel. In contrast to the NFL, whose rosters barely change after the final cut, Canadian teams replace players in gang-load lots throughout the season by way of an evaluation procedure called the five-day trial. Toronto may lead the league in five-day-trial players, some of whom have gone through the process several times. The season's leader among the Argos' trial players is Phil Rogers, a running back who filled in for Metcalf against Winnipeg when he was idled by his knee injury. In that game Rogers gained seven yards on four carries, caught three passes for nine yards and lost a fumble on the Winnipeg eight-yard line as Toronto lost 19–14. Rogers was cut shortly thereafter, for the third time this season.

"I couldn't tell you how many teammates I've had this year," Metcalf says. "That's made it harder, too, because you just get to know a guy and suddenly he's cut or released, or whatever, and they bring in another guy and you have to learn all about him."

Along with many of his new teammates, Metcalf is now playing for his second Argo coach. Leo Cahill, the last coach to take Toronto to the Grey Cup—in 1971, when the Argos' quarterback was Joe Theismann—was fired in 1972, rehired last year and then fired again on Sept. 10 and replaced by Bud Riley, the club's offensive backfield coach.

"It was the first time that ever happened to me," Metcalf says, "and it wasn't so much the shock—everyone had kind of sensed it two or three games before it happened—but the entire change everyone had to go through right away. We had to change systems and we had a game coming up in five days."

Metcalf doesn't mention one other problem—the occasionally ridiculous, sometimes baffling, use of his talents in the Argonauts' game plan. In a recent loss to Ottawa, for example, Metcalf ran the ball several times into the middle of the line, where the congestion understandably stymied his moves, speed and acceleration. On many passing plays, Metcalf—never noted for his blocking skills—stayed in the backfield as a blocker for Quarterback Chuck Ealey. On a couple of plays, though, Metcalf showed a flash of his NFL brilliance. Once he hit up inside right tackle on a quick burst for nine yards, and later he cut back over right guard, vaulted a tackler and got nine more yards.

Metcalf and his wife Celeste, whom he married on May 7, live in a beautiful high-rise apartment building on the Lake Ontario waterfront, which is within biking distance of Exhibition Stadium where the Argos practice and play their home games.

One night recently, he talked about the move to Canada and his first CFL season. "Yeah, it's been disappointing," he said. "I wanted to do well up here and I haven't. We haven't been winning, either. All these things have made it tough. This is the worst season I've had since I've become a pro, but if it wasn't for our record, everything would be all right. The people up here have treated me very well. Living up here is all right. The cost of living is a little higher, but Toronto is a nice, clean city and I like it very much.

"The fans have been good, too. Even now that we are losing, they don't jump on me. They get on management (to the point of even booing attendance announcements). They realize that I could be the best runner in the world but I need an offensive line."

Would Metcalf do it all over again? "Under the circumstances I left the NFL—yeah, I think so," he said. "My lawyer and I thought the owners there were trying to set a pay scale, and I think they were using me. I was supposedly the No. 1 athlete playing out his option, and I guess they figured if they didn't pay me, anyone who came after me couldn't get any real big money.

"I'm doing all right. I'm happy. I did what I wanted to do to St. Louis. I wanted to get away from them and not give them any compensation, and right now they're doing as badly as we are, so I can't complain." Actually, the Cardinals are doing worse. Toronto has won four games, St. Louis has won only one. **END**

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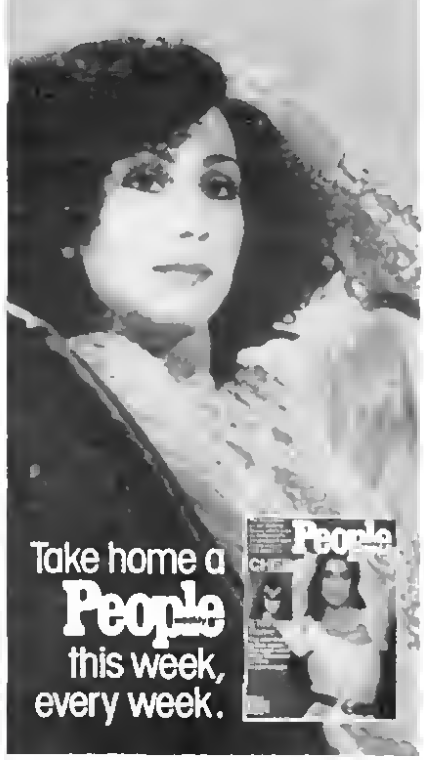
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Hiked out and hoping for the best, two entrants struggle to keep their wild cat under control

A gang of hull-raisers

The Hobie Cat world championship started with 248 sailors, but when the Texas Gulf winds began howling, a South African dad and son were the coolest cats of all

Hobie Alter is a little bit beyond being a legend in his own time. He is Hobie Alter, popular culture phenomenon, folk hero to kids everywhere, at least half of whom do not know he has a last name. He is one of the few 42-year-old men around whose life-style might be genuinely described as laid back. Alter invented the celebrated Hobie surfboard in the '60s, a time when it was prestigious, indeed, to be in the vanguard of a movement extolled by no less than the Beach Boys.

Surfboards were just the first step, giant though it was, toward Alter's first million dollars, and the only thing he changed in his life-style was to move to a slightly better beach house. The house is in Dana Point, a small town slightly north of San Clemente, slightly south of Long Beach and light years from either one of them. "All the great ideas of the Western World come from Dana Point," says one Dana Point resident. "And Hobie is our guru, spreading the word through the land."

For about the last decade, the word from Dana Point has been cat, Hobie Cat, to be precise. More than a creature with a catchy name, a Hobie Cat is a catamaran sailboat, of 11, 14, 16 or 18 feet, take your choice. The boat was designed by Hobie to be as fast, light, cheap and uncomplicated as possible—fun and free of hassles, just like his vision of life. There are about 72,000 of these cats all over the world, and each day 60 more come sailing out of the Hobie plant a few miles up the road from Dana Point. It is estimated that nine-tenths of all small catamarans in the world are Hobie Cats. Obviously, this had to lead to a Hobie world championship, and it did, beginning in 1973.

The Hobie owners alternate the championship between the one-man 14-footers one year and the two-man 16-foot boats the next. This was a 16-foot year, and the regatta last week far down on the Gulf Coast of Texas drew no fewer than 124 teams from 21 countries, most of them regional or national champions in the class.

And to Hobie Alter, class racing is everything. "I don't think I've ever been at a regatta where different types of boats were involved that was any fun," he says. "I don't care ever to race against a boat that's inherently faster than me, or slower than me. When I win, I want it to be strictly on sailing ability, not purchasing power. Some men have million-dollar boats, and they're crewed by 10 guys the owner wouldn't go out to dinner with. And the boat's got a spaghetti factory of lines that don't do anything. I think that's ridiculous; that's work. My idea is to get me a gal and go out and race."

Hobie has spoken.

In keeping with this spirit, the Hobie World Championship was also called the "Hobie Olympics." Not only was a sailing champion determined but also so were a tug-of-war champion, a volleyball champion, mixed-doubles tennis champions, a soccer-ball-kicking champion, a beach-running champion, a Frisbee-throwing champion, a hot-dog-eating champion, a water-walking champion, a six-pack-relay-race champion and, needless to say, a disco champion.

But all was not hot dogs, six-packs and disco. The sailors were semi-serious by day and the racing was intense. The Hobie factory had provided 48 brand-new and boxed stock boats for the occasion; after each race, teams switched cats. The boats were launched through the surf to battle it out over triangular courses, on which the wind seemed to come at them from all directions.

By last Friday night, after four days of competition, the field was cut to the

continued



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48 best teams for Saturday's two-race showdown.

The championship was conducted at the southern end of Padre Island, a location sometimes known as Texas' best-kept secret. Padre Island is a pristinely beautiful arc of beach, 110 miles long and roughly half a mile wide stretching from Corpus Christi to Matamoros, Mexico. It is a lovely site for sailing.

Late Friday night, the boats were jammed together on the beach, moonlight twinkling from their 28-foot aluminum masts, which stood like trees in an orchard. The halyards, encouraged by a tropical Gulf breeze, were clanking rhythmically against the masts, and it sounded almost as if the cats were talking to one another. "The night before a race," said one skipper, "you fall asleep with the clanking in your subconscious, secure that you have wind. If the clanking stops in the middle of the night, you miss it and you wake up. You listen again and, if you still can't hear it, you go back to sleep anticipating bad news in the morning."

But the news was all good when the sailors awoke on Saturday. The halyards were clanking wildly, either in delight over the 25-knot winds or in fright over the roiling seas they were about to face.

Saturday morning's point leader was 23-year-old Russ Eddington, a college student ("well, it's only a part-time deal") and native Texan who has been sailing off Padre Island for 10 years. But Eddington and crewman Billy Smith didn't make the start of the first race. An aluminum corner casting cracked; they heard it snap just as they were sailing toward the starting line. They wheeled back for shore and frantically lashed the casting with line, but didn't make it back out in time for the start.

It may have been the luckiest thing that happened to them all day. Out on the course, several of the cats were capsizing in the rugged seas. There were also collisions. One of the crack-ups disabled two boats—one with a hole in its fiberglass hull, the other with a snapped bridle, the wire that supports the mast. As that boat wobbled to shore with mast atilt, Eddington noticed that it was the very boat he had drawn for that afternoon's final race. Repair would be possible, he figured, but it was a portent of the day for him.

Hobie Cats were rocking and pitching, now and then rising far up on one hull and teetering there for breathless seconds. On one downwind leg, parallel to shore, a few boats got caught in the four-foot waves and were carried like surfboards toward the beach.

The second-place boat, skippered by a South African painting contractor named Mick Whitehead and crewed by his 13-year-old son Colin, returned to shore midway through the race with a frayed mainsheet that made control of the mainsail difficult. "When we tacked, I almost capsized," Whitehead said, "so there was no point in carrying on."

The final race was delayed 2½ hours to wait for a squall to ease up. The sailors used the time to repair their boats. Then 13 teams pulled out, complaining that the weather was too severe, and their beached cats were quickly cannibalized to replace broken parts on the boats of those still enthusiastic enough to take part in the final grueling two-hour race.

Despite their misadventures that morning, Eddington and Whitehead were still first and second in the standings. And both were optimistic. "Billy and I really like wind, and I know these waters," said Eddington. "This is our kind of weather here," said Whitehead.

And then the weather got worse, with winds gusting to 40 knots. When the race got going at least eight boats capsized, and three of those lost their masts and mainsails forever to the Gulf of Mexico where they turtled. At the finish, near dusk on a day that had looked like dusk since dawn, the Whiteheads were the 16-foot world champions. They had finished third in the final race, Eddington and Smith seventeenth. Neither boat had capsized, but all four of the sailors had been knocked overboard by waves at least once.

"It was just too rough for us," Eddington conceded. "We couldn't get the boat to go fast." "The waves were so high they were hammering down on us," said Smith. "I don't think they should have held the race."

"I've never been so wooky in all my life," said Whitehead. "I told Colin once I wasn't sure if I could make it. We're exhausted."

And how did Colin, the 102-pound schoolboy, feel?

"I wouldn't say it was the roughest I've ever seen," he said. "Father and I have raced in rough seas and worse weather. Actually, I'm rather used to seas like this."

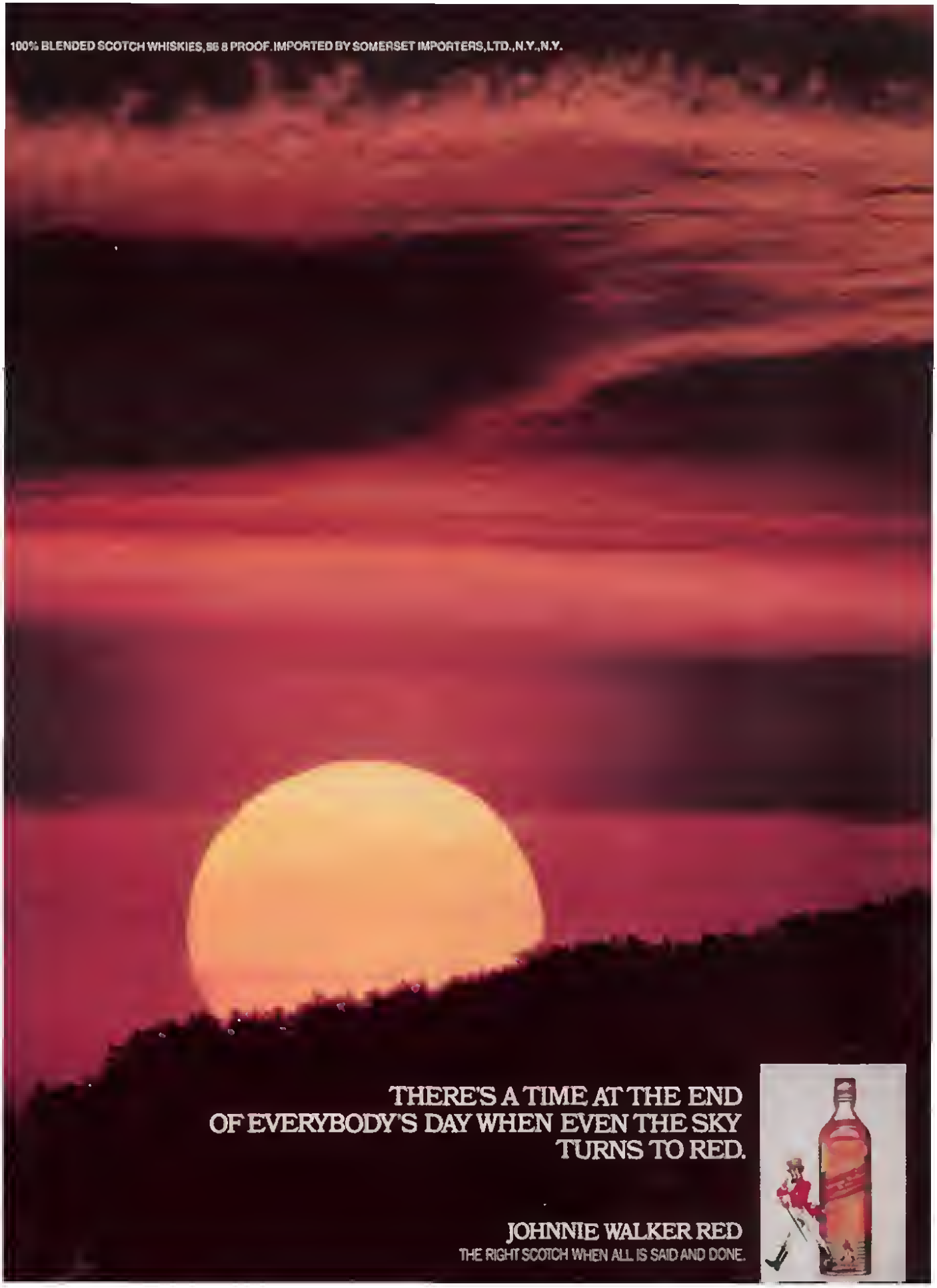
In the end, it was left to the aforementioned Dana Point resident to assess the situation. "We got a great idea for our next world championship," he said. "We're going to hold it at Dana Point, where there's no wind and the surf is nothing but a chop. That will get 'em. We'll smoke those South Africans then."

Actually, there will probably be a 14-year-old South African boy rather used to seas like that. **END**



Some teetered and others tottered, but they all found that fighting 40-knot gusts was no breeze

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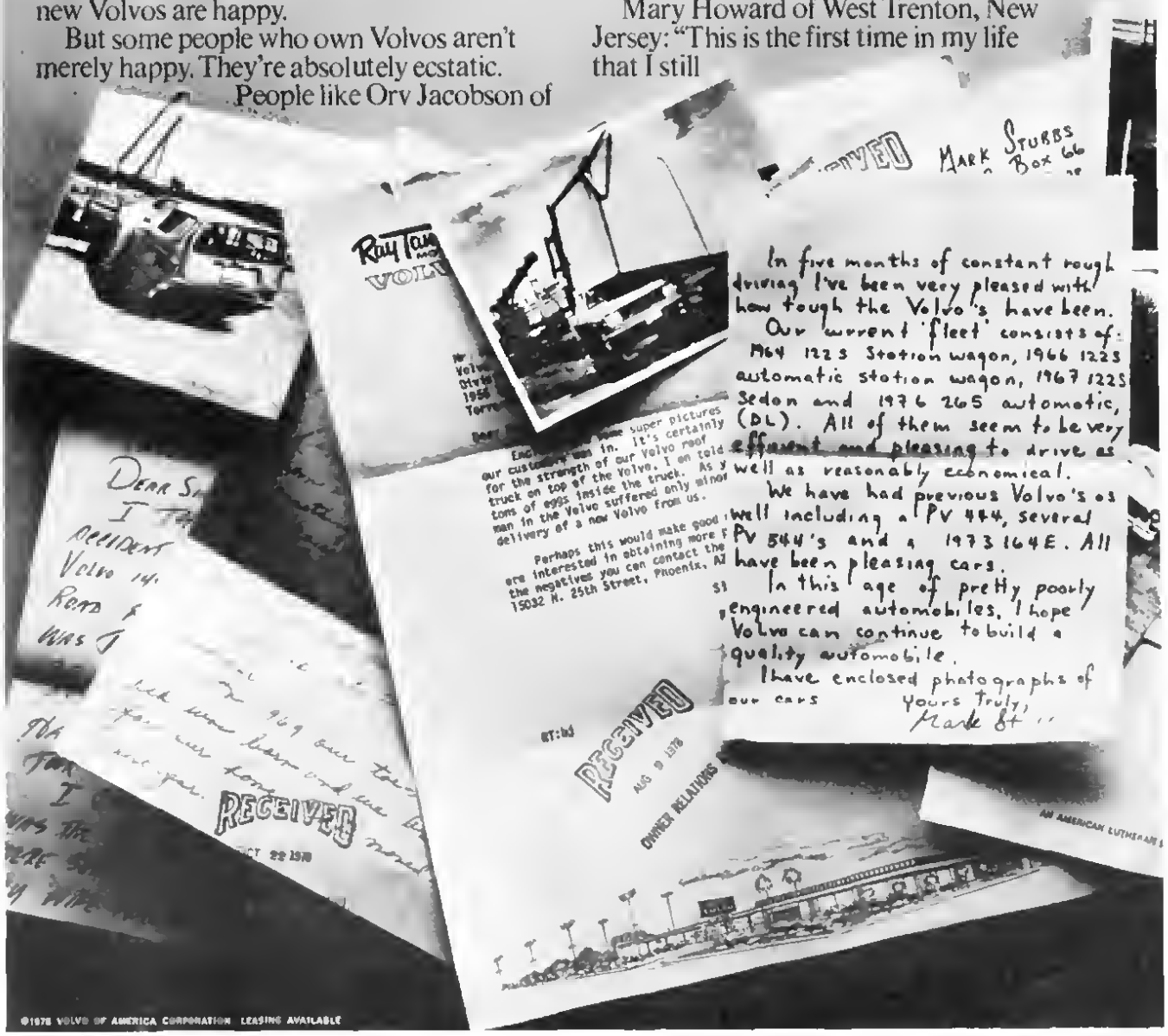
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Hey look, Ma, no hands!

With a third official on the floor, the NBA is using a tough new interpretation of its old rule on contact. There is some dissatisfaction, but the early results look good

Referees. Also known as zebras, assassins, unprintables and aging zombies with whistles whose sole function is to disrupt the balletic flow of pro basketball games. Referees give and take away with astonishing caprice. Not their fault necessarily, but in the past few seasons, this arbitrariness has been given credit for helping to foment two of pro basketball's most explosive plays—the technical foul and the bloodbath.

Because violence became so conspicuous in the NBA last year, the league had no choice but to act. Out of limbo came an old suggestion that a third official be added. Commissioner Larry O'Brien, whose intention to eradicate violence from the game was made manifest by his tough disciplinary action against combatants last year, agreed with the proposal. "But adding policemen does not, by itself, eliminate crime," he says. O'Brien's special committee on violence agreed that most passionate disagreements on the court begin with "hand checking," that wholly illegal, irritating-as-hell but tolerated practice in which the defender uses his hands to "feel" what the offensive man is doing.

"John Havlicek was the absolute master of the hand check," says Phoenix' Paul Westphal. "He'd look like he was just resting his hand on you, but he was so strong and sneaky that he'd actually be grabbing a whole handful of your gut. By the end of the game you'd be all black-and-blue."

The rule against hand checking has been on the books since Dr. James Naismith nailed up his first peach basket. In the NBA it is covered by Rule 12B, Section 1: "A player shall not hold, push, charge into, impede the progress of an opponent by extended arm, knee or by bending the body into a position that is not normal. . . ." At the college level, the hand check has also always been taboo, but in the NBA, pushing, holding, slapping, slashing have been condoned for years, like the famous "three-step-no-travel" and "no harm, no foul" philosophies. This year, however, the rule carries an addendum: "... hand checking will be eliminated by rigid enforcement of this rule by all three officials. The illegal use of hands will not be permitted."

Suddenly, players are finding that the slightest brush of the fingertips against an opponent can draw a whistle, and that there are three, not just two, whistles to be wary of. Hand checking is still a judgment call, the key word in the rule being "impede." A simple hand on a man is still not supposed to be a foul unless the man is actually impeded. But what is allowable has been drastically narrowed, and according to instructions from Supervisor of Officials Norm Drucker, anyone who touches another player is officially "suspect" and subject to a referee's judgment. And most referees are judging a touch to be a foul.

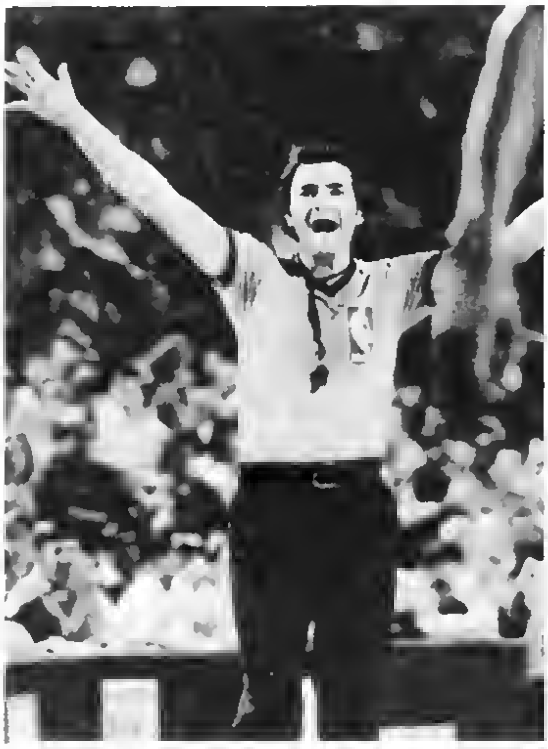
Before the season started, the mere thought of such tight control had NBA people conjuring up images of three-hour whistle concerts and free-throw shooting contests. Amazingly enough, early returns show that the new restriction is working better than even its most optimistic proponents thought possible.

Through the first 68 games, there were exactly 1.5 more fouls called per contest than in the same period last year, and the average time of a game—two hours and seven minutes last year—has soared by a full four seconds. In fact, the only

continued







One of the 13 crews includes the veterans Earl Strom (top), who works along the sidelines, and Jess Kersey (above) and rookie Jack Nies

statistic that has changed substantially is scoring, with point production up by an average of 4.6 points per team per game. While the advent of three referees and no hands has brought predictable moans *from certain teams that object to playing* basketball the way its inventor had intended, the overall effect is a game that is cleaner, purer and more fun to watch. The offensive artists, like George Gervin, Julius Erving, David Thompson, Marques Johnson, Elvin Hayes and Westphal, can move to the basket without getting mugged. The true defensive specialists, like Bobby Jones, Don Buse, Artis Gilmore and Quinn Buckner, are plying their art with their feet rather than their hands.

"The league did such a good job educating the players and promoting the new rule that they don't have to call hand checking as much as we all expected," says Westphal.

The third official is also working out, although complete acceptance of anything new in the NBA takes a millennium, especially anything having to do *with officiating, which*, says *Earl Strom*, a 21-year veteran official, is more idiosyncratic than in other sports. "There are no natural parameters to judge from," he says. "No strike zone, no foul line, as in baseball. No line of scrimmage, as in football. Nothing is black or white. And every basketball official has his own philosophy about the game. One man's block is another man's charge."

After the league owners voted last June to spend the $700,000 to implement the three-man system (it had been stalled, as too costly, for five years), Drucker scoured the Eastern Basketball Association, the industrial leagues and the college conferences to find enough rookie referees to fill the required 13 working crews, each with a veteran as chief. According to the format Drucker designed, the crew chief works a totally new position for an NBA official, from foul line to *foul line* along one sideline. The other two refs go up and down the floor, alternately working under the basket and in the backcourt near the sideline opposite the crew chief. The three always form an equilateral triangle. But the presence of the crew chief on the sideline means that the most experienced official never gets "into the pits" where 75% of the shooting fouls are called. And that is where the new system most commonly comes under attack.

"I think we should put the officials with the most experience under the baskets, where the crucial calls are made," says Portland Coach Jack Ramsay. "The lead ref is just a spectator," says Washington's *Dick Motta*. "*It's like surgeons* who stand around and watch the interns perform the operation," says Houston's Tom Nissalke. "This could get confusing," says New Orleans' Elgin Baylor.

Drucker disagrees. "Those fouls close to the basket, your mother-in-law could call," he says. "The problem we had with two men was that gray area around the key where all the picking and movement happens. The man under the basket can see what's going on in front of him all right, but beyond three or four big guys he's screened out. The outside official is watching the ball and the guard play. That leaves the whole key area with each man 10 to 15 feet away and with obstructed views. Now, the most experienced man can see in real deep and pick out exactly what's going on in there from the side, which is an angle we've never *had before. He's got the best look* at goaltending, three-second violations, an offensive man pushing off, the elbows and picks around the post. It's also the first time we've had a man who could watch the middle of a fast break. I think the most experienced man *has* to be there."

Despite the coaches' complaints, the results so far have been better calls, with many fouls drawing two whistles simultaneously—by the man underneath and by the veteran on the side. And because of the new restraints on the defense, there is less tolerance of liberties taken by the offense. "O.K., we've taken away the defense's hands," says Strom. "We have to protect them by not letting the offensive man turn around and back his way in anymore. We're calling that as much as hands."

Thus, in a game at Portland, Jess Kersey, working under the basket, called a blocking foul on *Phoenix' Gar Heard* as Mychal Thompson attempted a shot. Had there not been a third official, Thompson would have gotten two free throws. But because Kersey could only see Heard's back, he could not see that Thompson had pushed Heard as he went up for the shot. Strom could, and he whistled a foul on Thompson as well. Double foul—jump ball. No free throws and no argument from Ramsay.

"We're not getting as much hell," says Don Murphy, another crew chief. "When two guys call something at the same time, there isn't going to be much to argue about." Of course, there was the night in San Diego when *three* whistles blew *simultaneously—one signaling a defensive* block, one an offensive foul and the third a three-second violation.

The change has most upset those coaches whose teams would be hurt by any regulations limiting their defensive freedom. "I can't stand the three-official rule," says the Nets' Kevin Loughery. "The whole philosophy stinks." Detroit's Dick Vitale had to be dragged off the court kicking and screaming by a 250-pound security guard after being ejected by rookie Ref John Borgia, son of the fabled whistle-blower Sid. Motta, in the past an excitable type, was beside himself over a charging foul called by rookie Referee Jess Thompson in a game in Portland. "I think the league overreacted to the violence last year," says Motta. "Heck, our games are still safer than being in the parking lots afterwards."

Another coach says, "I was in favor *of the third official 100%. There are only* about four to six good officials in the league anyway and they need all the help they can get. But then the NBA had to compound the thing by instigating the no-hand-checking rule at the same time, and that defeated the purpose of the third official. The real superstar was hard enough to stop before. Now he can't be stopped at all."

"In a month every team in the league will be playing a zone," says another coach. "How else can you win? How are they going to stop that?"

"You can see the hands so much easier outside," says Laker Coach Jerry West, "but right now there is still grabbing and holding inside around the pivot. It has not changed as much as I would like to see it changed." Nor has it changed enough to suit West's center, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. "This is the first year *I've noticed* the officials approaching their job with sanity," he says, "but I'll still get held and checked and pushed. The referees—they're short people—they don't know what it's like. They think because I'm bigger and stronger than most of my opponents, I don't need the benefit of the rules."

And Knick Coach Willis Reed raises the logical question. "If they were to eliminate *all* hand contact entirely," he says, "it would be clear when a foul

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should be called. Why leave it to an official's judgment whether a player is being impeded or not? He can't judge a person's strength."

Some players who operate from outside the key have struck a mother lode. Milwaukee's Marques Johnson, second in the league in scoring with a 29.9 average, is as close to being unstoppable as anyone. Erving and Thompson are romping as they did in the wide-open ABA. Hayes and Phoenix' Walter Davis can hardly be deterred without hands, nor can San Diego's Lloyd Free or the Nets' muscular John Williamson. Little guards who used to disappear with one good hand check have attained new stature. Cleveland's 5′ 11″ Foots Walker, a career six-point scorer, pumped in a career-high 26 against the Lakers, and Washington's 6′ 1″, 160-pound Larry Wright is shooting 68% from the floor.

Listen to San Antonio's Gervin, a 6′ 7″ guard who was the league's top scorer last season and is leading it again this year. He is averaging 32.8 points, had a 46-point game against San Diego and is as giddy as a child at Christmas.

"I don't think about the officials at all, let alone count them," Gervin says. "No hand checking? It's beautiful. You just have to understand that if you put your hand on me I'll go to the foul line." And if you don't, he'll go for 46. "How am I supposed to stop Gervin if I can't touch him?" asks Philadelphia's Henry Bibby.

"It should get to where only the better players can play in this league," says West, the purist, "and not the veterans who have slowed down a lot and have to grab and hold on to stay here." Thus the Bibbys, Fraziers and Hudsons have found themselves with a surfeit of bench time, while the Knicks' Butch Beard caught a plane home to Louisville.

"My whole game was hand checking, holding, pushing," says Norm Van Lier. "If I can't touch a guy it's going to be hard." Maybe that is why Stormin' Norman was ignominiously cut by his once-beloved Bulls (he was claimed by Milwaukee last week).

Fortunately for the occasional hand checker, things have a way of evening out. After a hand-checking call against Kansas City's Otis Birdsong, Chicago's Reggie Theus missed both his free throws. Birdsong swiveled and said to Referee Garretson, "Justice?"

"Justice," replied Garretson. "I knew you'd say that." **END**



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He's got the horse right here

Bud Delp figures he has the favorite for the Kentucky Derby in Spectacular Bid, an impressive winner at Laurel

"I have a feeling Spectacular Bid is a great, *great* horse," *mused Trainer* Bud *Delp* the other evening. "He should be undefeated now and I know he'll never be beaten again. But the problem is, having never had a great horse before, how can I be *sure* he is?"

One way to tell is for the horse to simply defeat the principal opposition, as Spectacular Bid did early in October at Belmont Park in the Champagne, the country's premier race for 2-year-olds. A more convincing way is to annihilate the principal opposition and leave them gasping for breath, as Spectacular Bid did last Saturday in the Laurel Futurity. The colt's 8½-length victory, which earned him $84,237 and raised his winnings to $324,484, was accomplished in a track-record 1:41⅗ for the 1 1/16-mile race.

But money winnings and race times seem not to matter so much *now that Spectacular Bid, with* six wins in eight starts, has established himself as the overwhelming winter book choice to win the 1979 Kentucky Derby. "If I owned any of these other horses," gloats Delp, "I wouldn't want to break their hearts by letting them on the same track with Spectacular Bid."

That's too strong, of course. Or is it? Is Spectacular Bid—the spirited gray son of Bold Bidder, whose main claim to fame thus far is that he's a son of Bold Ruler—a super colt? Does he rank with Affirmed, Seattle Slew, Secretariat? The issue is clouded by Delp, who has talked so lavishly about the real or imagined wonders of Spectacular Bid that it's hard to separate promise and performance from sheer oratory. A typical Delpism: "Here's how I see it. He'll win everything in Florida next year, which will mean the shortest Derby field in history. Then we come home to Baltimore for the Preakness. Nobody will want to try us here. Then we go to the Belmont, where there will be a few who doubt, foolishly, that he can go a mile and a half. Let's face it. I've got a straight flush. And it's just not often that somebody else gets a higher one."



Spectacular Bid was moving easy at the finish, 8½ lengths ahead.

Delp deals mostly in claiming horses and says he has claimed at least 1,000 since 1962. "But I've never had a horse to really talk about before," he says. "I think this horse is a freak." Ronnie Franklin, the apprentice jockey who rides Spectacular Bid, agrees, saying, "It's like having two horses under me."

For more than a decade Delp has often been among the nation's 10 leading trainers for races won; recently he frequently has appeared among the top five. But he works largely in Maryland. Indeed, although he has started approximately 10,000 horses and has won almost 2,000 races, only 15 times has he entered a horse in New York and he has won there only twice. Thus, since he hasn't been doing it in New York, there is a suspicion that he really hasn't been doing it. The *most attention Delp has gotten* heretofore was in 1963 when his barn burned at Laurel, and 30 of his 32 racehorses died. The next day he began claiming again.

Now with a 70-horse stable, Delp has been earning between $150,000 and $200,000 a year for himself, and Spectacular Bid is helping his financial picture, because Delp gets 10% of everything the horse wins. "If this colt is worth $10 million, then I'm a millionaire," he says. "It feels goooood." Claiming horses is the ultimate act of putting your money where your mouth is, because a man like Delp is betting that he can do better with a horse than the man who previously owned him. Delp does. "When I get up in the morning to go to work," he says, "I'm really getting up to go play."

He'll play at the betting windows, too. For years he has bet $50, $100, maybe $200. Once he bet $600. But now that Spectacular Bid has come along and Delp has become so vocal, he is betting more and more money to back up his utterings. At the Champagne, he told his brother Richard to bet $5,000 to win on Spectacular Bid. This was a

continued


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heady wager, considering many felt Spectacular Bid might be only third best in the field—behind General Assembly, an impressive son of Secretariat, and Tim the Tiger, the Calumet Farm hope.

Why did Delp do it? "Because I figured the odds would be 6 to 1 and I felt in the mood to win $30,000." But, alas, Delp thinks the fact he talked so much about Spectacular Bid's prowess drove the odds down to 5 to 2 and thus he netted only $12,000. "I know my neck is sticking out," says Delp. "But let's face it. When you have a colt as good as Spectacular Bid, you're not supposed to lose."

Spectacular Bid was purchased for $37,000 as a yearling by Harry and Teresa Meyerhoff of Easton, Md., and their son Tom, 25, at the 1977 Keeneland Fall Sale. He was considered, as horsemen always say, "just a nice horse." There wasn't much in his background to suggest more, since Bold Bidder had been an average sire. Even less noteworthy was the dam, Spectacular, who had career earnings of $16,633. Spectacular Bid was her first foal. Still, Tom Meyerhoff insists all of his family was thinking Triple Crown when the hammer dropped. As he says, "Anytime you spend more than $20,000, if you don't dream, why be in this business?" But does Harry Meyerhoff, the one-third owner whose voice clearly weighs more than that, fantasize about a Derby winner? "It's not a fantasy," says the retired Baltimore real-estate developer. He already has reserved hotel rooms in Louisville for next May.

The Meyerhoffs are whimsical. Their racing colors are black and blue, to symbolize how racing can beat up on an owner. But from early on, Spectacular Bid had the look of a bully who would be on the giving rather than receiving end.

He won laughing in his first two starts. Then on Aug. 2 he was beaten in the slop at Monmouth when he didn't like the mud flying up and hitting him in the stomach. Next time out, against a pedestrian field in the Dover Stakes at Delaware Park, he got boxed in. Recalls Delp, "We knew we had a hell of a horse but we couldn't prove it to anyone but ourselves."

When the colt was shipped to New York for the Champagne, it was agreed that a New York jockey should be on him. Jorge Velasquez rode the colt to victory—2¾ lengths ahead of General Assembly and 6¼ lengths in front of Tim the Tiger—and booted him to a narrow victory at the Meadowlands 11 days later. But Delp was furious, for he says Velasquez would not follow his instructions about pacing the horse.

For the Laurel Futurity, he took Velasquez off and put Franklin back on. In 55 runnings of the race an apprentice jock had never won, and to many observers it seemed as if Delp might have a death wish. First, he could have ended Spectacular Bid's year after the Champagne and been assured of his colt being voted the 2-year-old champ. But if he *must* race at Laurel, why not get Bill Shoemaker or Darrel McHargue? (Delp had earlier tried to get Steve Cauthen but was shunned.) Why the 18-year-old Franklin? Says Delp, "He likes the horse and the horse likes him."

On the eve of the race Delp gave Franklin his instructions. "In the stretch, I want to prove that this is a super horse," he said, "so let him go a little. If we do that, the others won't be wanting to chase us so much next year."

Spectacular Bid was bet down to the 4-to-5 favorite, but there was a lingering suspicion that General Assembly might be the one. However, the General's trainer, LeRoy Jolley, seemed to be readying an alibi before the race. "Remember, the prime objectives for these 2-year-olds are not this year," he said.

Long before the four-horse field reached the quarter pole, Spectacular Bid was in command with a fluid, rhythmic, effortless stride.

The only challenge came at the turn at the head of the stretch when Cauthen urged General Assembly alongside Spectacular Bid, and Franklin thinks the General may have gotten his nose ahead for a moment. "But then I asked my horse to go," he says, "and he went." Abruptly, Spectacular Bid was three, five, seven lengths ahead. Ultimately, it was 8½, but it could have been 10 or 12 because Franklin only tapped the colt lightly on the left side to keep his interest.

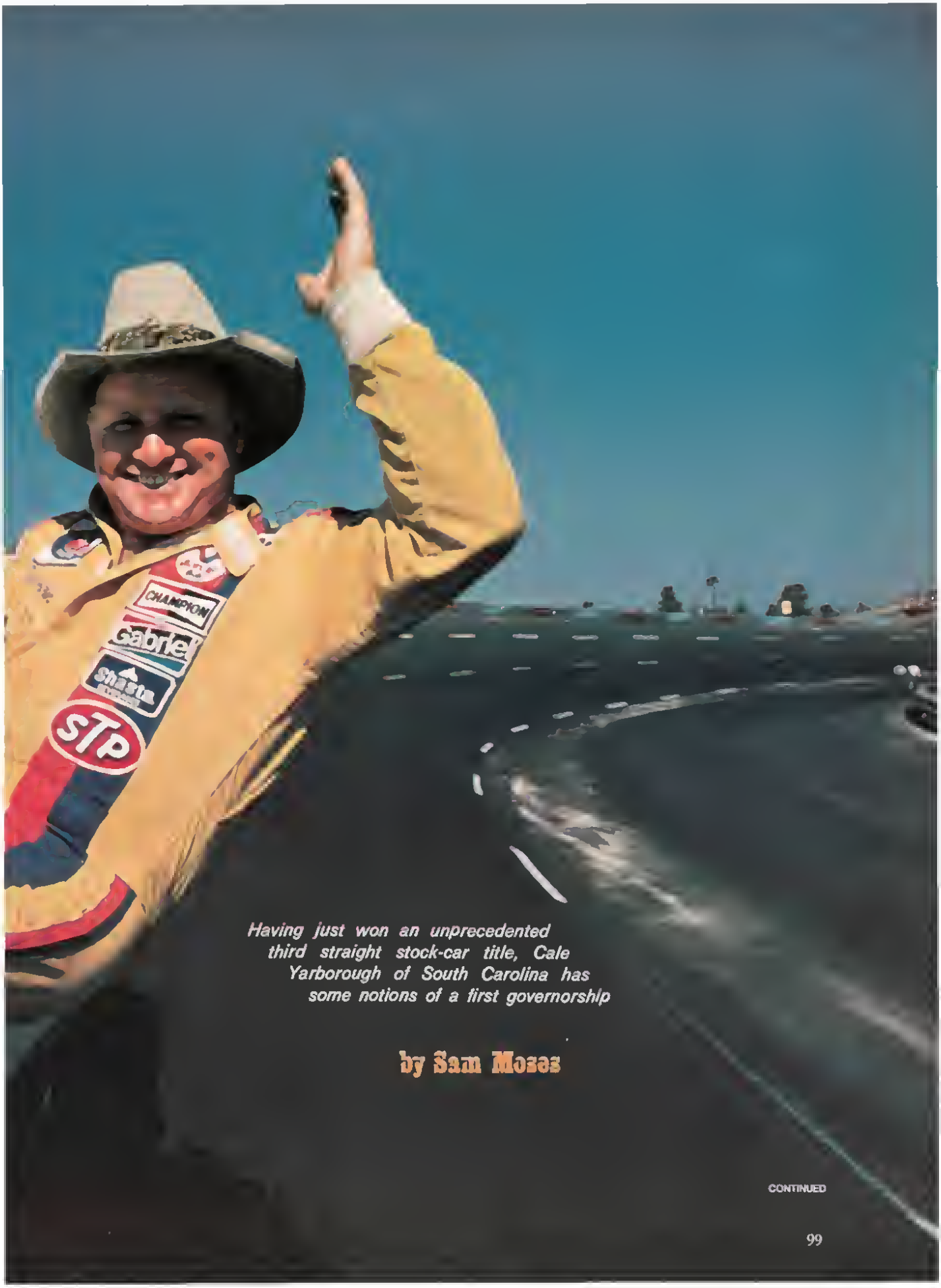
General Assembly raced well and had no excuses. Third was Clever Trick, 20½ lengths back, and fourth, also with no excuses, was Tim the Tiger. Said Cauthen afterward, "It was no contest." And Tim's trainer, John Veitch, who had contended beforehand that Spectacular Bid had not dominated his class, changed his mind. "He is now dominating," he said. Delp, continuing to put up but not shut up, bet a $500 exacta and won $1,000.



Delp has been a big winner in Maryland, but now he and Jockey Franklin are in the national picture

But while Spectacular Bid has blown away his opposition for the moment, there's no reason to think that General Assembly might not regroup and be back strong in 1979. As for Tim, maybe he is just tired. Flying Paster looks good in California. Maybe Spectacular Bid will go sour. But for now, Delp is talking. "All I want next year is the whole thing," he says, "the Triple Crown and everything else." **END**


Nice Meetin' Ya,
The Name's Cale



Having just won an unprecedented third straight stock-car title, Cale Yarborough of South Carolina has some notions of a first governorship

by Sam Moses

CONTINUED

William Caleb Yarborough is plain Cale to most of the South, where he is a folk hero. The people love to tell about how Cale has wrestled alligators, ridden bulls, made over 200 parachute jumps, dived into swamps from towering cypress trees, pulled water moccasins from those same murky waters with his bare hands, tried to show a bear who was boss (and found out it was the bear), been struck by lightning, and flew and landed an airplane without ever having been at the controls of one before, a situation born of necessity because his ego prevented him from admitting to his "copilot" that he had never flown. The copilot's ego prevented him from admitting to Yarborough that *he* had never flown. Or so they say, and Cale doesn't deny it.

But mostly Cale Yarborough travels in cars—stock cars, those 200-mph monsters that seem to have an affinity for being raced inches apart. The other day he clinched his third consecutive NASCAR grand national driving championship by winning the American 500 at Rockingham, N.C. Three straight is something no other stock-car driver has achieved, not even Richard Petty, the sport's dominant figure in the '60s and early '70s and a folk hero of even larger dimensions than William Caleb Yarborough. But Yarborough's halo is becoming shinier by the week. Petty's career is in decline; today Yarborough stands alone.

Yarborough is only 5′ 7″ tall, but his 185-pound body gives him the bearing of a big man. He has bulky shoulders that extend into short arms with biceps the size of melons and forearms like clubs, a barrel chest and a thick, tough midsection. He has a round, rosy face resting peacefully atop a tree-stump neck, thinning blond hair, a broad, genuine grin and, when things are not going the way he would like them to, a grimace that so completely scrunches his face it looks like a partly deflated beach ball. Viewed head on, Yarborough sort of resembles the Oldsmobile he races: squat and powerful, his cheeks matching the shape of the car's bulging fenders, his sunglasses the dark-tinted racing windshield.

Yarborough has a favorite outfit around the track: hand-tooled cowboy boots, pressed blue jeans held high above his waist by a wide leather NASCAR champion's belt with a sterling silver buckle, a wristwatch with a Confederate flag on the face, NASCAR championship gold-and-diamond rings, one on each hand, a conservative cowboy shirt with maybe pearl buttons, but no spangles or fringe or frivolous attachments of that sort, and a ten-gallon hat, usually straw, the brim turned down at both the front and back. It is a hat most people would look absolutely goofy in, especially short people, but not Yarborough. The hat's effect is not unlike that of Dolly Parton's wigs—"I love those wigs because I'm six feet tall in them," says the five-foot singer.

The most frequently told Cale Yarborough story is this: 1964 was not a good year for turkeys in Timmonsville, S.C., and it had cost Yarborough his life savings, slim though they were, to learn he was not cut out to be a turkey farmer. He was offered a stock car for a race in Savannah, so he cashed a check for his last $10, made two sandwiches with what he could scrounge out of the refrigerator, packed his wife Betty Jo into their car and headed south to Savannah. They lost the $10 to a policeman for driving 40 mph in a 35-mph zone. They reached a 50¢ toll bridge without the money to cross. Yarborough hopped into the backseat, dug into the crack between the seat cushions like a dog digging for a chipmunk and found 37¢ that had been long lost. The presence of Yarborough's sobbing, hungry, pregnant, pretty young wife in the front seat being fairly persuasive, the tollkeeper himself contributed the 13¢ difference, and Yar-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY BENSON

borough made it to Savannah, where the race car blew its engine on the warmup lap. With no winnings, Cale had to borrow $20 from the race's promoter in order to get home again. On the return trip he paid the tollkeeper the 13¢ he owed him.

The story is going to be told and retold if Yarborough ever runs for governor: In 1972, running as a Republican, he was elected a councilman in Florence County by a wide margin. "It wasn't even close," he says. "I won every precinct by a landslide." In 1976, running as a Democrat, he was reelected by a similar margin, and he served until Jan. 1, 1977, when he had to relinquish the job because he had moved out of the county. For the time being, Yarborough is not in politics, but he still has public office on his mind.



"I would like to get back into politics later on," he says. "Maybe as a congressman, maybe a senator, maybe even governor, I don't know."

Yarborough became a Democrat so he could campaign for his friend Jimmy Carter, a man he is fiercely loyal to. "Jimmy's always been strong in Georgia," says Yarborough. "I met him when he was just a farmer. Someone brought him around to a race at Atlanta and introduced him to me. Later, after he was governor, he came down in the pits at a race one morning and said, 'Cale, I'd like to talk to you for a minute.' So we went over and sat down on a stack of tires; he talked a long time before he got around to it, and finally he said, 'Cale, I'm going to do something tomorrow and I'd like your help.' I said, 'O.K., I'll try, what is it?' He said, 'Tomorrow I'm going to announce I'm running for the Presidency of the United States.' I laughed at him. I sure did. But I said, 'O.K., Jimmy, I'll help you.' "

Yarborough exhibits a politician's style at the races. He likes people and has a natural talent for diplomacy. He poses for photos with kids on his lap the way a politician kisses babies. Women bring him butter beans and such, and later he says something like, "Thank you, ma'am, they sure were good. I ate two helpings even though I shouldn't have." He never turns down an invitation to a Yarborough Fan Club meeting. "Sometimes it's kind of a pain to go to them," he says, "but it's necessary."

Like most politicians, Yarborough is capable of a verbal indiscretion when he thinks he's in safe company and can get away with it. He made one such slip during a press conference after he won the 1977 Daytona 500. A newspaper reporter on the stock-car beat asked him about Janet Guthrie, although the reporter didn't refer to Guthrie by name. "Is the woman [driving] any better?" the reporter asked, his emphasis on the word "woman" indicating disdain. Yarborough, who has a gift for one-liners, replied, "I don't know, I haven't tried her yet," a quip that amused most of the reporters and went unreported in their publications. Yarborough's stock reply for public consumption to queries on Guthrie's ability is, "A woman isn't strong enough to be a winner, and if one is strong enough, I don't want to be

continued

around her." To which Guthrie replies, "I drive the car, I don't carry it," revealing that her wit may be sharper than her driving.

At 39, Yarborough knows he can race only a few more years. He also knows he needs to be "strong"—as in "Jimmy Carter has always been strong in Georgia." He doesn't know if being the most successful man in Timmonsville is strong enough, or even being the reigning king of stock-car racing. For now Yarborough would like nothing more than to replace Richard Petty in the minds of stock-car-racing fans as the alltime king. "My goal is to win seven championships," he says, "one more than Richard." In fact, in discussing this, Petty's poorest season in his 20-year career—he is winless so far—Yarborough suggests that there is more to Petty's lack of success than the Dodge he campaigned, and complained about, before he switched to a Chevy. "I don't think the car is the whole problem," says Yarborough. "Richard quit winning last year. But he's been a good driver in his day," he adds.

Junior Johnson, The Last American Hero, is crew chief on Cale's car



Stock-car racing is a better training ground for politics than one might imagine. The NASCAR power system is entwined with Southern politics. Bill France Sr., NASCAR's founder, ostensibly is retired but still maintains control over its operations, and he is an expert on the subject. He was George Wallace's campaign chairman in the 1972 Florida presidential primaries and is credited with delivering Wallace's upset victory in that state. Compared to France, Yarborough is politically inexperienced. France's position as *de facto* head of NASCAR is one of strength; Yarborough's, as NASCAR's leading driver, is one of isolation, drivers being notorious for their independence and indifference to organization. So Yarborough must dance to France's tune He seems to get a break or two—*e.g.*, his pole position in this year's Daytona 500 (he eventually finished second) was in part a result of NASCAR officials approving a spoiler of doubtful legality on his Oldsmobile—but he gets away with no more than France wants him to. "I don't necessarily agree with the system," says Yarborough, "but how do you fight it? It's a family-owned operation; we're playing in their ball park with their rules. I sometimes wish I could fight it more. Sometimes I'd like to have more say-so in matters, to better the sport. It frustrates me a lot. I've got a mind of my own. I'm not a puppet on a string. I can think, too."



On steeply banked tracks like Rockingham, the strain of racing is compounded by centrifugal force

Yarborough has spoken out for the need of some sort of drivers' organization, although he stops short of calling it a union. "In a sport this big," he says, "it's really a shame that the people who made it that way have no benefits, no retirement plans. Most of them have ended up broke. I think we need something." But so far Yarborough's voice has been ineffectual because neither he nor anyone else has a specific plan; besides, Yarborough is not eager to risk what he has struggled so hard for by fighting France—and, make no mistake, France would resist the formation of a drivers' union. He crushed two earlier attempts, each led by the star driver of the time. In 1961 it was Curtis Turner, in 1969 Petty.

Actually, France has been given the most grief over the years by Yarborough's crew chief, Junior Johnson, the celebrated part-time chicken farmer,

continued



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Cale's race car is an Olds, but he and Betty Jo love his Model A.

coon hunter, erstwhile moonshiner and NASCAR star. The silver-haired, pot-bellied driver-owner has been immortalized in prose and on film as *The Last American Hero.* Johnson has been France's nemesis for two decades, but now they seem to have a relatively smooth working relationship, which is fine with Johnson, because it leaves him free to build his cars and lead his crew of mechanics, something he does inimitably. Since Johnson hired Yarborough in 1973, they have won 45 of their 173 races, more than any other team during that period, but the accomplishment that may well be recognized as the most impressive in Johnson's career was his cars' unprecedented perfect record of finishing races last season: 30 for 30. And so far this year they have finished 26 of 28. "I don't know of anybody else who can even touch that," says Yarborough, not bothering to mention his own contribution in winning or his ability to avoid crashes in races where cars carom off cement walls at 180 mph.

Johnson's crew is likely the most determined in NASCAR, an organization in which there are some very determined crews. A finishing record like Yarborough's does not come without a great deal of extra effort. At Charlotte three weeks ago, for example, on lap 205 of a 334-lap race, Yarborough pulled into the pits with a blown engine, which eliminated all chances of his winning and would have eliminated virtually any other car from the race altogether. But the Johnson crew, in order to earn championship points for the driver, changed Yarborough's engine right then and there, something that had never been done in a grand national race before the same crew did it two years ago.

As Yarborough coasted off Turn 4, he radioed to the crew to get its tools ready. He coasted past his pit, behind the pit wall and toward the garage, as nine mechanics chased him, almost comically, dragging heavy toolboxes and wheeling big hydraulic jacks behind them. They scurried over, under and inside the jacked-up car while Yarborough waited at the wheel, his seat harness still locked, a look of patience on his face belying the ants in his pants. They shouted orders and requests to each other, some of them lying on their backs in an expanding puddle of warm water and oil. Five pairs of hands moved quickly under the hood. In five minutes the blown engine had been extracted like a bad tooth. Just 7½ minutes later a new engine had been installed and Yarborough was on the track again; he finished 22nd, good enough for 102 points. It had been a world-record engine change by about 3½ minutes, the old record having been set by the Johnson crew, of course, at Pocono International Raceway in June.

In December, Yarborough moved to the tiny community of Sardis, S.C., after living 10 years in Timmonsville, six miles away. He was born in Sardis, in an unpainted, foundationless house away from the road and lost amid the fields. Cale's father, Julian, a tobacco farmer, expanded his farm from 100 to 200 acres and moved his family into a brick house on the road in 1950, when Cale, the eldest of three sons, was 10. Julian Yarborough had a plane, and he was killed when it crashed in 1951. Annie Mae Yarborough ran the tobacco farm as well as a cotton gin and country store herself until she remarried two years later. "Just like a man," Cale says proudly. It is a trait Yarborough appreciates. He himself was a manly youngster, an all-state fullback at Timmonsville High. Later he played some semipro football, and twice won the South Carolina Golden Gloves welterweight championship.

Since 1968 Yarborough has owned a 1,000-acre farm near Sardis, and it was onto that farm that he decided to move his own family—his wife Betty Jo and three daughters. "Our old house in Timmonsville was just a couple of miles off I-95," he says. "I-95 is the main interstate to Myrtle Beach, and it seemed every race fan that ever went to Myrtle Beach stopped by. Sometimes they would be lined up in the driveway—*really.* Don't get me wrong, I appreciate it, but sometimes you like to have your privacy. Out here we got privacy."

Yarborough's new house, finished a year ago, can be seen from a country road across a 40-acre field that last summer was a cornfield. Yarborough had hoped to plow it into a pasture long before now but has not had time. There is a dirt driveway along the edge of the field between the house and the road, and Yarborough says, "I'm not going to pave the driveway. It's earth, the way it should be, and it's going to stay that way."

The house is 7,000 square feet, a long, low, brown-brick

continued



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rectangle with a short wing in the back, next to which are a swimming pool and a tennis court. Yarborough is aware that the first impression one gets of the house is that it looks as if it should have a sign over the columns on the porch. "It looks like a motel, doesn't it?" he says to guests, a comment offered with a small smile.

There's no denying that the house does resemble a motel. "I drew it up myself," says Yarborough. "The master bedroom is bigger than the house I was born in." His eyes display a sudden boyish sparkle.

Betty Jo decorated the interior. She is a petite, dark-eyed woman with the kind of beauty that has doubtless caused her to be described all her life as a "pretty little thing." She was 18 when she married Cale 17 years ago. He calls her "Momma," which she is to Julie, 16, Kelley, nine, and B.J., seven. B.J. stands for Betty Jo. In fact, B.J.'s full name is Betty Jo Yarborough Jr., because, says Cale, "B.J. was supposed to be a Cale Junior. All my boys are girls."



A Monday morning visit to Timmonsville is a ritual for Cale.

"Cale has always wanted a son, but he can't complain, he gets all the attention around here," says Betty Jo.

Last spring there was also a lion cub in the family, but it grew too big and had to be given to a zoo (as did an earlier pet, Susie the bear), which not only broke the girls' hearts—B.J. was especially fond of Leo—but also the heart of George, a Springer Spaniel. Replacing Leo as the object of George's affection is Rip, a black Labrador puppy, who in turn is regarded jealously by the half-dozen hunting dogs (both bird and coon) in a pen out back. Yarborough hunts quail and dove on his farm whenever he can, but he recently lost his best bird dog, the victim of insecticide dusted on a soybean field near the dog pen. "Best setter I ever had," laments Cale. "I wouldn't have taken $1,000 for him."

On the average, Yarborough is away from home from Wednesday or Thursday until Sunday night, 30 weeks a year. He flies to the races in his twin-engine Piper Aztec, and because all but eight of them are in the South, he can be home for supper on Sunday. This means that, like many athletes' wives, Betty Jo must assume household responsibilities customarily managed by the man. She travels to some races—more during the summer when the girls are not in school—but usually only those run on Sunday.

Says Betty Jo, "People say to me, 'How can you live like that, with Cale gone all the time?' But if I hadn't married Cale, what would I be doing? I'd probably be married to some farmer around here, living in a house trailer. I appreciate being able to live out here in the country like this. Not everyone can. It's a good life."

There are plans to make life better. Cale thinks a lot about a pasture he plans in front of the house. There are four white wooden rocking chairs spaced evenly between the brick columns on the long front porch. They seem to have been placed there purely in anticipation, the way a man might titillate himself by keeping his new Christmas golf clubs by the front door until spring. "I'm going to build a split-rail fence around the pasture, and I'm going to get me some horses and cows and goats, and next summer they'll be roaming around out there," Cale says. "I'm going to sit out on the porch on summer evenings after supper just looking over my pasture and listening to the quail in the woods."

Yarborough was a dreamer as a boy, and he still is. Living on the farm, moving back to the community where he was born and raised—returning home a conquering hero—fulfills the dream he has had the courage to pursue.

Yarborough drives around the farm in a 1929 Model A Ford that he bought from Glen Wood, who, with his brother Leonard, owns and prepares David Pearson's stock car. The Model A admits to 61,000 miles and is rusty, dented and creaky, its interior torn and musty-smelling, but Yarborough has no intention of restoring the car, to him that would be like paving his driveway. "What for?" he asks. Everything on the car works, he proudly points out, and besides, the car's imperfections give it character. Restored Model A's are common; a beat-up but perfect running Model A, one that regularly jounces along dirt roads in the South Carolina backwoods, is something special.

Yarborough drives it wearing dusty boots, jeans, a T shirt, a down vest with a tear over the right shoulder blade—"Just the size of a lion claw," he jokes—and a crusty, sweat-stained cowboy hat with a leather band. While dust drifts in to join gas fumes from a leaky carburetor, Yarborough spits tobacco juice out the window and grins widely. "Man," he says. "This is Uptown, ain't it?"

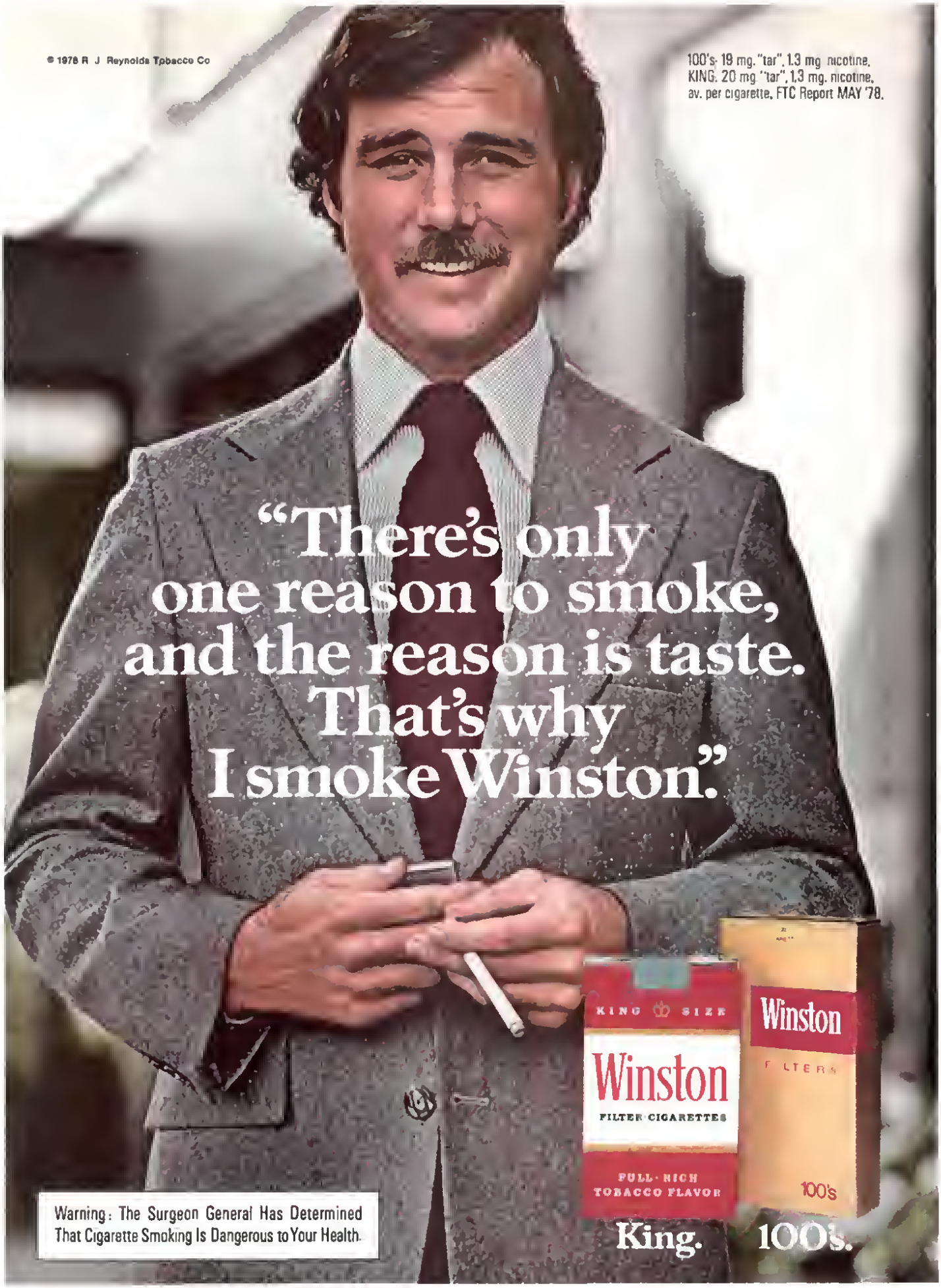
The farm was originally a 650-acre plantation that had been inherited by two elderly women. When they died, they willed it to an orphanage, which sold it to Yarborough. He bought an adjoining farm of 350 acres at the same time. The price was $300,000. Today Yarborough estimates the timber alone is worth that much, and the entire parcel between $1.3 million and $1.5 million. But it is neither a modern nor a money-making farm. Four or five black sharecropping families, augmented by day laborers, work the tobacco, corn and soybean fields.

There are few structures on the land: weatherworn tobacco sheds, some barely standing, their rusty tin roofs heating up in the sun, their gray boards groaning at the oc-

continued

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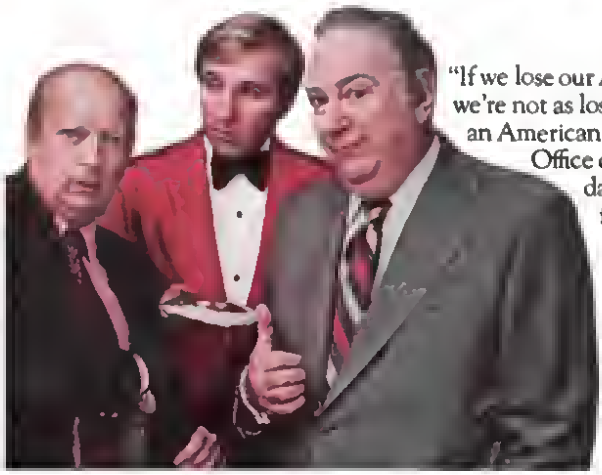
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casional gust of wind, the delicate aroma of tobacco scenting the afternoon air. At the edge of a bean field is a pole with a dozen or so large gourds strung around it like bells on a court jester's hat. The gourds have been hollowed and serve as nests for martins that, says Cale, live in South Carolina in the summer and South America in the winter. "They're nice to have around here," he says. "One martin eats about 2,000 bugs a day."

The Model A chugs along a weedy road, deep into a sparse but broad area of pine trees.

"I dug this drainage ditch here with a drag line 2½ years ago," he says, his eyes revealing both pleasure and pride. "This ditch is 3½ miles long." He heads off the dirt road and back onto the pavement and stops at a crossing. There is no sign of life in any direction. "I own all four corners of this crossing," he says. "There's some valuable property here." There is satisfaction in his voice, but it is matter-of-fact. The pride is missing. All he did was buy the corner, he dug the ditch.

He drives slowly along the country road. First one, then two, then three, then four scruffy and excited dogs begin chasing the Model A, nipping at the skinny white-wall tires and darting across its path so close they disappear below the rusty hood. Yarborough ignores the dogs (which are even more experienced at flirting with death than he) and points at a dirty white wooden building, stacked on cinder blocks like many of the houses along the road. "That's a church," he says. "I own it; it came with the farm.

"I took a real gamble when I bought this farm 10 years ago," Yarborough says. "I scraped up enough money for the down payment, but had no idea where the rest of the $300,000 was coming from. That was a big chunk to bite off then. I was driving for Ford at the time, and they pulled out of racing soon after that, and I thought, 'Well, there goes the farm.' I had to race Indy cars for a while, I had to know where some money was coming from. I didn't want to lose it. This farm was really what I wanted. It made me work a little harder. Today the farm is paid for, lock, stock and barrel."

Yarborough's fling with open-wheeled racing was brief and inconclusive. In four Indy 500s, he finished only once, a 10th place in 1972. His only full Indy-car season, 1971, was beset with problems, mostly organizational. He was No. 2 man on a two-man team, No. 1 being the taciturn Texan, Lloyd Ruby. "Cale did have a little problem," says Ruby. "You know, there is a difference between stock cars and Indy cars."

Says Dave Laycock, Yarborough's and Ruby's crew chief that year, "The problem Cale had was that the whole operation was in an uproar and Cale was a victim of circumstances. Cale didn't have second-rate equipment, but he had second-rate help. He's a hell of a driver, but one thing he didn't do was catch on to the flat tracks as good as he should have—he was used to banked tracks. He had all the talent; it was just a matter of bringing it out of him. If he could have been dealt with a little better, he would have done better. He would have had a hell of a lot better shot if it had been a one-car operation." "You got to take a chance to have a chance," says Yarborough.

The bookshelf behind the television set in the Yarborough living room contains only a handful of books. Emily Post on etiquette, a racing history of the Ford Motor Company, *Beautiful Bible Stories*, *The Total Woman*. The book on the end of the shelf, *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, is Yarborough's favorite.

Yarborough's office in Timmonsville is a cluttered room, hidden behind the Cale Yarborough Dry Cleaners. The desk is covered with dozens of letters, some opened, some unopened. Yarborough has no secretary and answers all his fan mail himself. Also on the desk is an assortment of mementos from a crowded career: a heavy, leather-handled hunting knife Yarborough uses as a letter opener; photographs of his daughters; a baseball autographed by the Little League team sponsored by the dry cleaners; a valve from a racing motor; a box of Milk-Bones for horses. There are two three-foot-high trophies at each end of a brick fireplace (the building once was a restaurant), and on the wall are an 8" -by-10" glossy of Billy Carter, wearing a grin and Cale's tall hat, his arm draped around Cale's shoulder; half a dozen posters of products Yarborough endorses; a calendar with a watercolor of a setter at point; a color photo of Cale's 1977 race car, a machine affectionately called the "Ole Yaller Chicken Special" (the car was mostly yellow, the sponsor Holly Farms poultry); a highway map of Florence County; two young fans' crayon drawings; two pencil sketches of Cale and Betty Jo in a victory circle; a certificate of honorary membership in the Boy Scouts; a personally inscribed photograph of Gen. William Westmoreland posing beside South Carolina and American flags (Yarborough supported Westmoreland in his unsuccessful gubernatorial nomination bid in 1974); a photo of South Carolina Senator Strom Thurmond ("He can give you 50 pushups just like that, and he's got him a young wife, too"); and a framed message: a drawing of four wooden barrels overstuffed with dollar bills, under which is the caption OUR BUSINESS IS MAKING MONEY.

"I love racing, but as far as I'm concerned, the name of the game is making money," says Yarborough. "I've invested every penny I've made in racing. I've spent very little. I've thrown none away. We don't live like I make half a million dollars a year. I've got three kids to worry about. Let me place my money somewhere we can enjoy it later on." That somewhere, in spirit at least, may be his piggy bank. In the bedroom that is bigger than the house he was born in—a bedroom off of which is a sunken whirlpool tub and a sauna—Yarborough keeps a 10-gallon milk can painted red, with a slot in the lid, which is welded on. Every night before he goes to bed he empties the change from his pockets into the milk can.

There is another framed message on Yarborough's office wall, a poem titled the "Risks of Life." It goes:

He was a very cautious man,
He never smoke, he never drank.

continued

He never romped or played,
Nor even kissed a maid.
And when he up and passed
away,
Insurance was denied
For since he hadn't ever lived,
They claimed he never died.

Bold as he may be with his body, Yarborough is a cautious, even secretive man with his soul. He is moved by currents deeper than he admits. His public face is one of self-confidence and gregariousness, but, says Betty Jo, offering an insight into the man she knows as only a wife can, "Back when we were just starting out, living in a house trailer and really scratching, many a night Cale cried to me, 'Momma, I just don't know if I can make it.' "

One NASCAR insider says, "Cale is close to his home and family, but not much else." Says another, "Nobody likes being a star more than Cale does." Both observations are accurate.

Yarborough reveals only glimpses of his emotions for others to connect for themselves into some sort of whole. He is moody, but controls his moods, if not completely concealing them. He believes a real man is strong and silent like a cowboy, a *real* cowboy. He is self-conscious about the fact that he now wears glasses (to correct an astigmatism) when he is watching television—but not while racing. "I don't really need them, but there's nothing wrong with wearing glasses," he says, as if to reassure himself, pointing out with a little grin of satisfaction that David Pearson "can't see a lick for reading without glasses."

Yarborough is proud of his reputation as NASCAR's toughest driver, a reputation he repeatedly earns. He is the only active racer never to have used a relief driver during a race. He sneers at "cool suits"—special driving uniforms that circulate cool water to keep a driver's body temperature down—and will not wear a "neck strap," which counteracts the centrifugal pull on a driver's head. Virtually all other NASCAR drivers use them.

The Volunteer 500 in August in Bristol, Tenn. is usually the most exhausting race on the circuit: the track is a steeply banked half mile (36 degrees, steeper than either Daytona or Talladega), the kind of circuit that creates tremendous G forces. The heat and humidity can be withering inside a race car—the temperature can reach 150°. This year the race was held at night to reduce the effects of the heat—but it was increased to 500 laps. Yarborough won, for the eighth time in the last 12 races. In winning a race at Bristol five years ago, he led every lap, a feat that has been accomplished only three times on NASCAR tracks, and two of those times Yarborough was the driver.

"I'd use a relief driver if I ever needed one," he says, "but I never have." But



there is reason to wonder how much of his stamina is sheer determination. Yarborough's back sometimes gets sore from sitting in an easy chair and watching television. His left shoulder periodically troubles him, the result of being broken more than 20 years ago when he fell out of a tree while hunting. His right shoulder blade is not intact, having been shattered nine years ago in a head-on crash into the wall at Texas Speedway when a tire blew on his stock car at 180 mph. "They told me I wouldn't ever have enough strength to drive a race car again," says Yarborough. "Two months later I set a qualifying record at Daytona that still stands—194.015 mph. My shoulders never bother me in a race car, though," he says, somewhat defensively.

ABC has invited Yarborough to compete in *The Superstars*, but he has declined. "Well, I'll tell you the truth," he says, "I couldn't do good. It's tough to compete with those guys who use their legs. I wouldn't do it unless I could do good." It hurts him to admit that, but not nearly as much as it would if he competed and didn't do well. He once appeared on a show called *Dynamic Duos*: he and Johnny Rutherford bowled against Jim Taylor and Jim Brown and lost, 139 to 98; to add insult to injury, Rutherford carried Yarborough. Cale tried to laugh it off—after all, it was only *bowling*—but his agony was real as he watched himself throw two gutter balls on television while the two NFL fullbacks chuckled at his expense. It was the same sort of agony he might have felt when Janet Guthrie was described by Red Smith in *The New York Times* as being "taller than Cale Yarborough."

The Yarboroughs are a "television family," as Betty Jo puts it. "We fight to see who gets the chair at the dinner table facing the TV." On the roof of the house is a large television antenna, a 60-foot-high tower on which are mounted three collateral antennas, one facing Charleston, one facing Columbia and one facing Florence. Yarborough has built a junction box that collects the signals from all three antennas and allows each of the five television sets in the house to get the best possible picture on any station.

The television comes on early Sunday morning, before church, and a television evangelist speaks to the Yarboroughs at the breakfast table. Whenever Cale is home he attends the Sardis Baptist Church. Before services Cale goes to a men's Bible class, in which 12 or 15 men discuss Scripture and current events and also do some gossiping.

One recent Sunday night Yarborough was watching a war movie on television, and the dogfights with Japanese Zeros lit up his eyes. More than anything else, Yarborough would like to have been a World War II fighter pilot; in fact, it is a dream vivid enough that he speaks of it

continued

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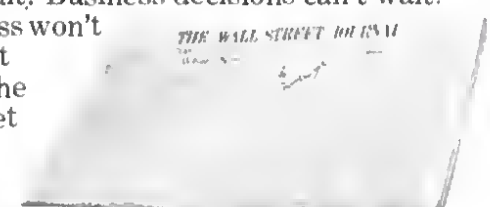
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as if the war were on today. "If I weren't a race driver," he says, "I'd like to be a World War II fighter pilot." In 1968 he went to Vietnam at the request of the Defense Department. "I won more races, more money than anyone that year," he says. "Most of the guys over there were young, they had a car back home, they had racing magazines, so I wasn't a stranger to them. That made me feel good. It was a gratifying experience, although it left me with mixed emotions. I saw a lot of burns and amputees.

"They gave me the rank of colonel, a full bird, for priority reasons, I guess, and said I could be in whatever service I wanted. I decided to be in the Marines, since I always wanted to be a Marine. They told me I didn't have to go to any outposts, but I didn't turn down one request to go to an outpost—some with only a dozen guys.

"I was there without a USO tour or anything like that. One night they put me up in an abandoned hotel by a river and had me stay in this little old room on the fourth floor by myself. The Viet Cong were across the river, about 200 yards away, and had been coming over the river every night on raids. I wanted a weapon, but it was against government regulations to give me one. I was told the best thing to do if the Viet Cong attacked was to get under the bed. But the bed was only about four inches from the floor—how in the world was I going to get under the bed?

"In the middle of the night I heard them. Pretty soon there was shooting in the lobby—Army guys were trying to hold them off. But then I heard them on the first floor. Then the second floor. Suddenly there was plenty of room under the bed."

The Viet Cong got no higher than the second floor, but there were dead men on the staircase and in the lobby. One can picture Yarborough, a man who dreams of being a fighter pilot, on his belly under a bed, his cheek pressed to the floor, while beneath him soldiers died. It must have been a moment of great frustration.

Every Monday morning Yarborough makes his rounds in Timmonsville. He stops first at his office. On the window of the adjoining store is what amounts to Yarborough's personal crest, a checkered flag crossed with a Confederate flag.

"I used to have dry-cleaning plants all over both Carolinas," he says, "but it was too spread out. I couldn't look after them. Now I'm down to three, and it's a good business." Next to the dry cleaners is a Goodyear tire store, proprietors Cale Yarborough and Bill Singletary. "We're out of room there," says Cale. "We're going to build on pretty soon."

At his desk, Yarborough does a strange thing for a superstar; he returns a call to a man he has never heard of and without knowing what the call is about. Another call ends with him saying, "I might just call someone and see what can be done for you." Making another call, to a realtor, it seems, he says, "I need some land, anywhere from 20 to 100 acres, as long as it can be seen from I-95. I can bring something big in the area if I can get the land right away."

There is a clean-cut young man waiting politely at the office door for Yarborough. He is a local would-be truck driver in need of a truck, and Yarborough is cosigning the man's truck loan. "I had some help myself when I was starting out," says Cale. "It means a lot." He is the cosigner on a number of loans in town. "Probably more than I should be," he says. "I've always had a problem with saying no. I can't help it. A lot of times people take advantage of that. My mother always said I'd never amount to nothing because I'd never say no, I'd always be giving away everything I had."

Yarborough leaves his office and drives about five miles to the Floyd and Yarborough Farm Center, a feed and fertilizer store originally bought into by Cale and now run by his stepfather and his brother, J.C. There is a sign in front of the store that says CHATHAM DOG FOOD SPECIAL, and a black man in his 30s is loading 50-pound bags of dry dog food from a pickup truck into the store. "How you doing, son?" says Cale.

Inside are half a dozen wooden chairs in a circle about the room, with men sitting in the chairs and discussing things in general. The scene is not unlike that in Bible class; but chewing tobacco is allowed, and the subjects being addressed tend to be somewhat more earthy.

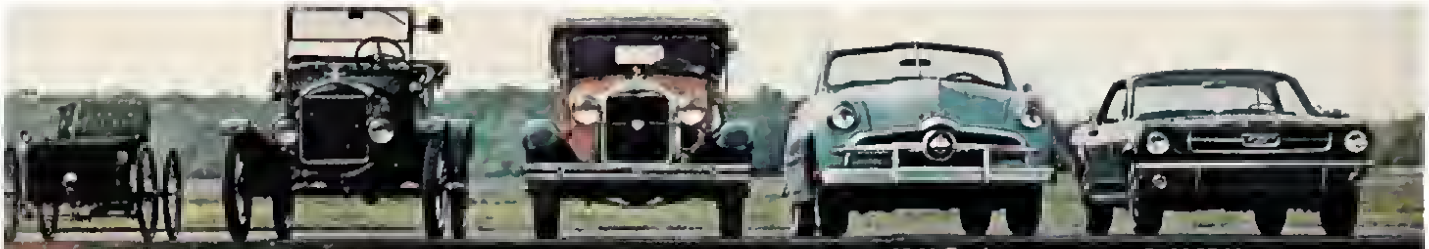
The next stop is Yarborough's carpet-yarning company. It is a small factory in an 11,000-square-foot white concrete building just outside of Timmonsville. In chipped paint on the outside of the building is the crossed-flags emblem, over the words CALE YARBOROUGH DISTRIBUTORS. Yarborough first rented the building to the carpet yarners, who were just starting out, but the next week he bought a major interest in the company, later a controlling interest. "Now I'm in the textile business," he says. "This looks like it's going to be a winner. We've got to expand here, too; we're going to double the size of the building."

As he is leaving the plant, two black women enter and meet Yarborough at the door. He greets them cordially. The plant is hiring, and they seem to be looking for work. The women ask Yarborough where the office is. "It's over there in the corner at the other end of the building," he tells them. "You'll find the bossman in there."

Yarborough drives to the Timmonsville post office next, waving a greeting to many of the cars he passes. "I guess I know everyone in town," he says. At the post office, a customer in line behind Cale, a man of about 70, says, "You doing all right with the Oldsmobile this year." A heavy, cheerful black woman asks, "Why you left Florence County? We're jealous you left us." Yarborough is turning his head left and right to talk to both of them, because their comments come virtually at once.

The eyes of the people in Sardis light up, and smiles come to their faces, when they see Yarborough on the street. It is appreciation their expressions reveal. Yarborough is one of them. He is their boy, or as one young Sardis farmer referred to him at church, "our prize onion." There is pride in Yarborough's voice when he says, "I've lived here all my life.

"Sardis is an old community. It's the kind of place where when someone needs help, everyone comes together," he says. "I've been almost all over the world, there are very few places I haven't been through, been over or been around, and I've yet to see any place I like better than Sardis." Yarborough's roots are deep, and his people show him they are proud of him every day. A man would have to be crazy to leave such applause. END



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As I Did It

by TERRY DAVIS

WHAT DOES A WRESTLER DO FOR HIS NOSEBLEEDS? WHAT POPEYE WOULD

*I had nearly forfeited my match to Ro*maine Lewis of South Central High because my nose wouldn't stop bleeding. The ref had to interrupt the match in both the first and second rounds because my nose wouldn't quit. If he hadn't called a pretty fast pin at the start of round three, he would have had to disqualify me before Romaine drowned in my gore.

I called Dr Livengood from school the next morning. I had gone to him all through high school for my physicals and injuries, and he had cauterized my nose in my junior year. He said the nosebleeds were caused by anemia and that I had lost too much weight, dropping from 165 to 147 that season. Because I was eating so little to get my weight down to the next class, I wasn't getting enough iron. He prescribed Cream of Wheat and spinach. I couldn't eat the Cream of Wheat because I was having a tough time holding 147 and I couldn't take all those calories. So I had no choice but to go with the spinach. I hated it. I had spinach breath, my teeth were turning green and I couldn't always predict when I would have to go to the bathroom. I kept telling myself it was worth it. Not only could I probably make it to the state tournament at 147, but I might even beat somebody once I got there.

The spinach treatment did seem to *work. Six days after my match with Ro*maine, I'd had only one bloody nose. My dad accidentally whacked me with a cold turkey leg as he was getting it out of the fridge. I was standing behind him, peering in at the goodies—cold cuts, ice cream, soda, cheese—reminiscing about what a gustatory orgy Christmastime had been for me at 165, and wham, I get this big brown greasy turkey leg square on my beleaguered schnozzola. It only bled a little and I didn't really mind. The turkey smell was so delicious I didn't wash my face until I came back from my evening run.

I ran early that night because I had to get plenty of sleep. The team bus left Spokane for the drive to Missoula at five the next morning. I was a senior then and it was the last road trip I'd ever take at Evergreen High.

In the back of the bus the younger guys giggled and flung orange peels and apple cores out the windows at the snowplows we passed. It was going to be a long two days so I sat in front trying to sleep. The older you got the more toward the front of the bus you went, until you were right up there with the coach. Those were the best seats on the bus, the seats of honor, reserved for seniors. I also liked the fresh air trickling in under the door. My nose got dry if I couldn't get a little fresh air blowing in my face.

It wasn't quite daylight, but almost everybody was awake. Kuch was reading *Motocross Action* magazine, Schmooz had rock music playing softly on his tape player and Otto was looking out over the Spokane River. The closer it got to daylight, the more the river reflected the mountains. They seemed to grow right out of the snowbanks into the gray water. Coach Ratta snored lightly under his old hunting hat. He had the ear flaps down and looked like an advertisement for the serenity of a collective farm.

The Missoula trip was the big road trip of the season because everybody got to go. The varsity had two matches, the junior varsity had two, and everybody was lined up against somebody close to his weight. Our jayvee team wrestled Custer High at two that afternoon, which was why we had to leave so early. We wrestled their varsity after that, then the third and fourth men wrestled until it was time for the Lewis and Clark Battleground Academy matches in the evening. The next day the losing teams wrestled in the afternoon and the winners went in the evening. It would be a lot of fun for everybody.

From behind me I heard a muffled summons, "Hey, Davis!" It was Norty Wheeler crawling up the aisle on all fours. He looked spacy. His eyes glinted. He had just dropped from heavyweight *to 185 so he could wrestle first-man jay*vee against Custer. Otto Slate and Howard Fontaine had beaten Norty consistently for the No. 1 and No. 2 heavyweight spots, but he had dropped to 185 and whipped up on Craig Martin for No. 2 in that weight class. However, Bulldozer had thrashed Norty so bad in their wrestle-off for No. 1 that Norty may still have been disoriented.

"Hi, Nort," I said.

Otto turned from the window. "Mornin', Dog Breath," was his friendly greeting for Norty.

"Wuff, wuff," was Nort's reply.

"What's wrong, Nort?" I asked. "You look bad." Norty was wearing a furry red tie. The part that should have been short was longer than the long part and it flopped out of his green and gold letter sweater like a big tongue.

"I got no norms," Norty whined. "Plus which I'm hungry."

"What don't you have, Wheeler?" asked Otto.

"Norms. I got no norms. None of us do. Mr. Borrison says we live in a time of anomie." Borrison was our sociology teacher.

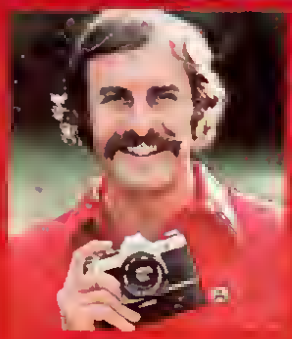
"Davis has got norms," replied Otto. "I saw them in the shower."

continued



Winners pick a winner.





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"Think of it this way, Norty," I consoled. "You've got a lot of abnorms."

"You guys are a comfort," Norty replied. "Got anything to eat?"

"You didn't bring anything to eat?" I was astounded.

"Cake and turkey sandwiches and a bunch of popcorn balls," Norty said, "but nothing I can eat before the match. I'd never make weight. I think I'm on some kind of Nutrament high. I had a can on the way to school and I feel a little surreal."

"You ought to try nothing but spinach and see what that does for you," I replied.

"You sure look bad, Nort," said Otto.

I reached for my honey bottle. I figured that Norty's blood sugar was probably low. "Open up," I told him, and squeezed a thick golden line of honey onto his tongue.

"Ummmmmmm good," said Norty. He turned and crawled back toward the rear of the bus.

Otto and I looked at each other. "Hypoglycemia," I said.

"Poor guy's got no norms," Otto said.

A little later Otto prodded me out of a light snooze. Mike Konigi, our No. 1 man at 119, stood resplendent before us waiting for an answer to his question.

"Huh?" Mike asked. "Huh, huh, huh, you guys? Am I spiff city or not?"

"Eat a rock, Konigi," Otto replied. Otto, like me, was dressed in the customary denim and flannel.

Mike did look O.K. He was wearing a blue blazer over a white turtleneck and gray slacks. His black, high-topped Converse All-Stars left him a little short of formal footwear, however.

"You guys cultivate slobbery," Mike said.

"Munch a bunch, Konigi," was my reply. "We're headed for a wrestling match, not the Wayne Newton show at Tahoe."

"Think this stuff would be O.K. to wear to the New Year's dance?" Mike asked, more seriously.

"It'd be swell," said Otto.

"Yeah, it's neat," I concurred.

"What's Carla going to wear?" Mike asked me.

"She's got this long dress," I replied. "It's a little more casual than a prom dress. In fact, I think it's a nightgown. It's got little ducks on it. How about Keiko?"

"A long dress too," Mike said. "Who you gonna take, Otto?"

"I don't even know if I'll go, Mike," Otto said.

I had a great urge to chime in with some information, but I held off for propriety's sake and because Otto would have beaten me up. Otto had a secret heart-throb for Romaine Lewis' little sister Rayette. Rayette was probably the most beautiful girl in the universe, and that included my girl friend Carla. Rayette was black and had an air of mystery in addition to everything else.

"Hey!" Mike said to Otto and me. "Why don't we get some people togeth-

DEWAR'S PROFILES

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er and have supper at my place after the dance?"

"Great idea," I said. "But what'll I eat? I can see your mom trying to feed me all that good Japanese food. 'Sorry, Mrs. Konigi. Just a bowl of spinach, please—a little on the rare side. And a can of Nutrament for dessert.' Sure," I continued seriously. "Count us in."

"Sounds great, Konigi. I'll letcha know," said Otto.

Mike strutted back down the aisle, and I turned back to the Lolo National Forest of western Montana.

Pretty soon we crossed the Bitterroot River, which meant it was about time to get dressed. Coach was knotting his tie. We had a rule that said Evergreen athletes had to dress presentably on road trips. In our sophomore year that had meant a sport coat and a tie. We got it changed in our junior year to include turtlenecks and letter sweaters, but we still couldn't wear jeans. Otto had a clip-on tie and a gold shirt he bought for a dollar at Safeway. He was wearing the shirt as he scooted by me into the aisle to put on his good pants and his letter sweater.

In my bag I had a gray cotton turtleneck Mom bought me just for road trips after we got the rule changed, and an old-fashioned thug hat Carla gave me for my birthday. In my sleeveless letter sweater and my baggy cords I looked like an escapee from the *Little Rascals* show. Mom and I used to watch them on TV together. She'd get up early for work so she'd have plenty of time to put on her makeup. I'd sit with her and we'd watch the *Little Rascals* on TV in her room. She loved it because she used to go to their movies when she was a kid. She said they were called the *Our Gang Comedies* then. I was always late for school.

We pulled into the Custer parking lot, and a few Custer and Battleground guys pelted the old green and gold bus with snowballs in a friendly way. Not much hair poked out of the stocking caps around Missoula then. The door opened and the sharp, cold air rushed in. On a hill behind the school, snowmobiles swarmed. Either the ring of their engines or the shot of cold air aroused Kuch from the nap he began around Coeur d'Alene. Everybody filed out of the bus and into the gym. I sat and waited for Kuch while he knotted his tie and changed from his denims to a pair of plain navy-blue slacks. He added a sport jacket, and we joined the guys in the gym.

Schmoozler and I sat off in a corner of the bleachers with some Custer guys who were reading parts of a dirty book aloud to each other. We were all chortling and guffawing. We beat them in a real close match in the afternoon. We were down 14–20 going into Otto's match. If Otto hadn't pinned his man we'd have lost. Both Custer and Battleground had big, tough heavyweights, and Coach had made Otto captain for both of the matches. After beating Custer, the worst was over for us as a team. Battleground had some pretty tough guys,

continued

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AGE: 32

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HOBBIES: Jungle exploration, film making, archery.

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but overall their team wasn't as strong.

I had felt good all through my Custer match. Coach had stuffed my nose before I went out and it had only bled a little. The match lasted into the third round. It was only when the ref raised my hand as the winner that I began to get dizzy. I had to grab onto him to keep from falling down. When it was over, I lay behind the bench and didn't get up until Otto went out to wrestle. Still, the gym spun when I stood up. Coach decided to have Doug Bowden wrestle in my place the next night. That gave Doug some tournament-type experience and it gave me a rest.

I spent the night with the Carpenter family. Their kid Chris drew with Schmooz in a tremendous match in the afternoon. Rance Prokoff from Lewis and Clark shared the Carpenter basement with me. We shot a game of eight ball to see who got the davenport, and Rance won. I slept under the pool table. Actually it was pretty cozy. I managed to hook up a little desk lamp and read *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* till pretty late.

I woke to the crash of billiard balls overhead. Rance and Chris were up and at it already. "Prokoff . . . Carpenter," I growled. "If you guys want to live to lose wrestling matches this afternoon, you'll lighten up on those pool sticks."

Crash! One of them drilled a ball intu the corner pocket above my head. "Stay down there, Davis"—it was Prokoff—"or I'll clout ya on the snout." The word was out about my tragic flaw.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"It's 9:30," said Chris. "Mom says breakfast in 10 minutes."

"I don't suppose your mother has any spinach?" I asked on the way upstairs.

We headed out of Missoula after munching up a whole bunch of Battleground Bluecoats. Doug Bowden stole the show at 47 by beating Battleground's undefeated Ray Rilke, whom I was very glad I didn't have to wrestle. I had pinned Ray the last two years and I think he wanted to hurt me. Doug was just about to pin him when time ran out. Our bench went insane. Coach leapt up and down and screamed. Kuch, who lay behind the bench in semi-exhaustion after a very tough loss, whooped and yipped in his best ersatz Indian fashion and banged his hands and feet on the floor. We mobbed the mat to get to Doug, and in the confusion our assistant coach, Lonnie Mor-

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gan, cracked me in the nose with his cassette recorder. He slung it over his shoulder to keep it from getting banged up, I guess, and *blam*—all I saw for a few minutes was SONY. It seemed like I couldn't even watch a wrestling match without getting my nose bloodied. I soaked my letter sweater in cold water to get the blood out right after I congratulated Doug.

As we were leaving town, Otto called out above the happy noise, "Hey, Coach, how 'bout next year you don't get us up so early just to go beat up a bunch of cowboys and miners!" Otto had pinned the Battleground heavyweight in the second round.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah!" everybody yelled. But before Coach Ratta could respond, Schmoozler declared, "We're not gonna be here next year, Lard Brain."

The bus went a little quieter for a minute or two while the seniors thought that one over. But then the noise picked right back up again. Coach promised never again to get Otto out of bed to beat up a cowboy or a miner.

I was never sure why Evergreen High held its New Year's dance so late in January. It worked out well for the guys doing winter sports, though, coming as it did just before the district and state tournaments, when we really felt like busting out one night before we were carried into springtime on our shields. This particular night turned out to be a very good one.

Otto alternated between moments of slow-dance bliss with Rayette Lewis and fast-dance imitations of a Tahitian Fire Walker. In his blue suit Otto looked like the world's biggest, toughest stockbroker, and Rayette in her long sky-blue robes looked like an African angel.

We spent most of our time right near the bandstand, dancing and watching our friend Damon Thuringer, the Sausage Man as we called him, play his flute. Sausage was no killer on the mat at 103 pounds, but with a flute in his hand he was armed and dangerous. Actually, Sausage was a prodigy. The band he played with was composed of all college guys except for Sausage. They traveled around the Northwest and made a lot of money. Sausage wanted to go on the road with them, but he was only 16 and his folks wouldn't let him.

The band took its break at midnight and Sausage came down beaming and saying hi to everybody. We all told him how great he was and Carla gave him a friendly kiss on the lips. Sausage's blush could be seen even through all the flashing lights. "My first groupie of the new year," he said. We all said how sorry we were that he couldn't leave early and come to dinner at Konigi's house with us. He said it was O.K., though, working musicians had to make sacrifices.

We stayed for one more song before heading for Mike's house for the late-night supper he had suggested. Sausage and the lead guitar player took turns with a favorite melody of theirs. They played so clean and sharp. It was funny to see Sausage do something so well and with so much poise. You never would have guessed that most of the time he was just a dumb kid like us. Carla leaned back against me and watched the band and banged her head softly against my chest the way little babies will. The mood was one to be savored. The companionship and shelter of high school would end with June graduation. Sure, we vowed not to let the outside world separate us, but we all knew it eventually would. Each of us, though, would be left with comfortable memories of nights like this one, and I wanted to remember the events of the New Year's dance just as they happened. We drifted contentedly with the music until Sausage was finished.

The Konigi house looked like a shopping center, there were so many cars. I hadn't expected so many people to be there. Mrs. Konigi greeted us at the door and led us into the dark dining room. Many dark shapes stood around the long table. Nobody said anything for a second or two, and I began to feel self-conscious. Then Carla put her fingertip lightly on my forearm and whispered close to my ear, "Surprise!"

Mrs. Konigi switched on the lights, revealing Coach, the entire Evergreen wrestling team and assorted girl friends. Mike led me to the head of the table and sat me down. I was the guest of honor. Platters of sashimi, steak teriyaki, rice balls wrapped in seaweed, almond chicken and other yummies were spread across the table.

But not in front of me. In front of me sat a plate heaped with steaming spinach. A small gold flag protruded from the green glob like a buttercup from a cow pie. On the gold flag was printed in green, GOOD LUCK, TERRY. **END**

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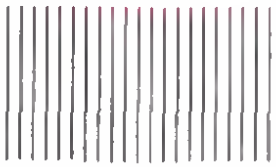
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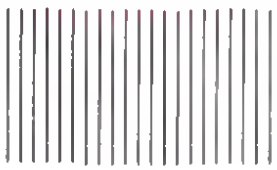


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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 23-29

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA Washington which began the week undefeated seemed to have taken up right where it left off last year. Then the Bullets dropped three straight on the West Coast and fell to third place in the Atlantic Division. Their most devastating defeat was a 29-point rout by Seattle, the only remaining unbeaten team. Lonnie Shelton, acquired as part of the compensation for Marvin Webster, came off the bench to score 23 points in the Sonics' 80–79 win over Milwaukee. Shelton scored the final three points and Seattle's other top substitute, Fred Brown, led the team with 20 points. Cleveland's first loss was Detroit's first victory. The Pistons winning 110–105. Paced by Adrian Dantley's 30 points and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's 27, Los Angeles beat San Antonio 134–121 for its first victory. The Spurs' George Gervin, who leads the league with a 32.8 average, was held to 18. Philadelphia and New Jersey were both undefeated last week. One of the 76ers' two wins was against Central Division leader Houston 101–99, and the Nets edged Boston 111–109 for their fourth win of the week. John Williamson and Bernard King had 28 and 25 points, respectively, for the Nets, and Dave Cowens had 30 for the Celtics. Earlier Boston, which has lost six of seven this year, started Cowens at forward but to little avail. San Antonio routed the Celtics 132–109, and Cowens scored only 16. Chicago, which also has won only one game this season, has now lost six straight.

BOXING—WILFREDO GOMEZ of Panama retained his WBC Super Bantamweight title in San Juan with a fifth-round TKO of WBC Bantamweight Champion Carlos Zarate of Mexico. It was Zarate's first loss.

PRO FOOTBALL—For the second week in a row, the NFL featured upsets and superlative quarterbacking. In the two biggest surprises, St. Louis and Cincinnati, which went through the first half of the season without winning, started the second half with victories. Jim Hart completed 12 of 24 passes for 260 yards and the winning touchdown, a 55-yarder to rookie Dave Stief, as the Cardinals beat Philadelphia 16–10. Ken Anderson was 11 of 16 for 268 yards as the Bengals shocked Houston 28–13. On Monday night, the Oilers had beaten the NFL's sole remaining unbeaten team, upending Pittsburgh 24–17. It was the first time an AFC Central team had defeated the Steelers at home in four years. Pittsburgh rebounded with a 27–24 win over Kansas City and has a three-game lead in the division. Washington took a one-game lead in the NFC East by virtue of Dallas' 21–10 Thursday night loss to Minnesota and the Redskins' 38–20 victory over San Francisco. In his first start of the year, Billy Kilmer completed 12 of 23 passes for 185 yards and two touchdowns, and the normally defensive-minded Redskins had their highest-scoring day since 1975. In Foxboro, Mass., Steve Grogan threw for 281 yards and four touchdowns in the first half to lead the Patriots to a 55–21 slaughter of the Jets. Cleveland routed Buffalo 41–20 as Brian Sipe completed 12 of 15 for three TDs and Mike Pruitt rushed for 173 yards on 21 carries. Detroit Quarterback Gary Danielson had his second straight fine day—20 of 32 for 190 yards and two TDs—as he directed the Lions to a 21–17 upset of Chicago, and Archie Manning's two touchdown passes rallied New Orleans from a 10-point deficit to a 28–17 victory over the Giants. Led by Bob Griese's two touchdown passes, one a 63-yard strike to Duriel Harris, Miami defeated Baltimore 26–8. Controversy again surrounded an Oakland-San Diego game after Dan Fouts' 29-yard TD pass to Greg McCrary with 52 seconds remaining gave the Chargers a 27–23 win. The Raiders vehemently contended that McCrary was out of bounds. In other games, Green Bay needed a 48-yard field goal from Chester Marcol to get by Tampa Bay 9–7 (page 32), and Denver beat Seattle 20–17 on Jim Turner's 18-yard field goal 12:59 into overtime.

GOLF—MAC McLENDON defeated Mike Reid with a par on the first playoff hole to win the $125,000 Pensacola Open, the last tournament on the PGA tour. Both players finished at 272, 16 under par.

GYMNASTICS—JAPAN edged the Soviet Union to win its fifth straight men's team title, and the U.S.S.R. defeated Romania for the women's team title at the world championships in Strasbourg, France. The U.S. men placed fourth, the U.S. women fifth. The Soviet Union dominated the championships, winning 17 of 38 medals. KURT THOMAS, 22, of Terre Haute, Ind., won the floor exercise to give the U.S. men their first gold medal since 1932. The U.S. women won their first gold in the history of the competition when MARCIA FREDERICK, 15, of Springfield, Mass., came in first in the uneven parallel bars.

HARNESS RACING—ABERCROMBIE ($3.40), driven by Glen Garnsey, won the $167,862 Messenger Stakes, the final leg of pacing's Triple Crown, at Roosevelt Raceway by 5½ lengths over Happy Escort. The 3-year-old's time was 1:58⅗.

HOCKEY—NHL: Last year Atlanta finished third in the Patrick Division but now, three weeks into the current season, the Flames are in first place, the league's only unbeaten team. The scoring of Eric Vail, Guy Chouinard and Bob MacMillan led Atlanta to a 4–0 week that included wins over division rivals Philadelphia (5–2) and the New York Islanders (8–5). The New York Rangers, who finished in last place in the Patrick a year ago, also had a perfect week, highlighted by a 2–1 win over the Canadiens in Montreal. It was Montreal's third loss in five games. Detroit swept three games and replaced the Canadiens atop the Norris Division. In the first of two Detroit victories over Colorado, Red Wing Forward Dennis Polonich high-sticked Rockies Winger Wilf Paiement, who retaliated with a stick swing. Polonich was hospitalized with a broken nose and facial cuts. Paiement was suspended indefinitely. Later in the week, Vaclav Nedomansky had three goals and rookie Roland Cloutier two as the Red Wings handed Chicago its first loss, 7–2. Earlier, the Black Hawks had beaten Boston to hand the Bruins their only defeat of the season.

WHA: Quebec, which has given up a league-high 40 goals in eight games, beat Cincinnati 4–3 for its first win, then made it two in a row by handing New England its first defeat, 8–5. The following night, the Whalers lost again, this time to Winnipeg 6–4. The Jets have not lost to the Whalers in 14 games. Birmingham won the three games that 19-year-old Pat Riggin played in goal, but lost to Winnipeg 7–2 when Riggin was given a night off.

HORSE RACING—SPECTACULAR BID ($3.80), Ronnie Franklin up, finished 8½ lengths ahead of General Assembly to win the $142,280 Laurel Futurity. The 2-year-old colt covered the mile and a sixteenth in a track record 1:41⅗ (page 92)

MOTOR SPORTS—JOHNNY RUTHERFORD averaging 120.974 mph in a McLaren-Cosworth won the Phoenix 150, the final race of the year for Indianapolis-type cars, by 1.9 seconds over A. J. Foyt's Parnelli-VPJ. By finishing 16th, Penske driver Tom Sneva edged 5th-place Al Unser for the USAC points championship.

TENNIS—GUILLERMO VILAS beat John McEnroe 6–3, 5–7, 7–5, 6–4 to win the $75,000 Swiss Indoor Championship in Basel.

In her debut as a professional, TRACY AUSTIN beat Betty Stove 6–3, 6–3 to win a $35,000 Grand Prix tournament in Filderstadt, West Germany.

MILEPOSTS—DISBANDED: World Team Tennis' Boston Lobsters and New York Apples, which leaves the 5-year-old league with eight franchises. Both teams cited WTT's failure to sign top players for next season as the major reason for folding.

NAMED: Winner of the National League Cy Young Award GAYLORD PERRY, 40, of the San Diego Padres. A Cy Young winner in the American League in 1972 and the only pitcher to win the award in both leagues, Perry was 21–6 last season with a 2.73 ERA.

REINSTATED: As an amateur by the Southern Pacific AAU, FRANCIE LARRIEU, 25, the U.S. women's record holder in the mile. Along with high jumper Dwight Stones, pentathlete Jane Frederick and javelin thrower Kate Schmidt, Larrieu had been suspended indefinitely from AAU events last June 23 for accepting prize money for competing on television's *Superstars* series. Larrieu, whose suspension continues through Dec. 31, applied for reinstatement in September and returned the $3,100 she received.

RESIGNED: EMORY BELLARD, 51, football coach and athletic director at Texas A&M, after successive losses to Houston and Baylor that followed four consecutive wins. Credited with creating the wishbone formation while an assistant at the University of Texas, Bellard had a 48–27 record at A&M in 6½ seasons. Offensive Coordinator TOM WILSON, 34, was named interim head coach.

CREDITS

29—Jerry Cooke, Heinz Kluetmeier. **30, 31**—George Tiedemann. **83**—Barton Silverman. **73**—Richard Mackson. **74**—Carl Iwasaki. **76**—Tony Tomsic. **80, 82**—Eric Schweikardt. **87**—Hank deLespinasse. **92, 97**—John Iacono. **114**—Illustration by Stan Mack. **125**—Bela Ugron, Houston Post [1].

FACES IN THE CROWD



GARY KUBIAK
Houston

A senior at St. Pius High, Gary broke the Texas schoolboy career passing record during the Panthers' 43–12 win over DeQuincy (La.). So far he has passed for 5,579 yards, 94 more than the mark set by Tommy Kramer in 1972.



JIM BOYETTE
New Orleans

Boyette won the senior men's overall title at the National Barefoot Water Ski Championships in Waco, Texas. The 50-year-old Navy lieutenant commander placed first in both the wake-slalom and tricks events and third in start methods.



BILL HUDSON
Elkhart, Iowa

A 5′ 8″, 145-pound halfback, Bill, 14, rushed for 1,021 yards in five games for North Polk Junior High. The eighth-grader averaged 9.3 yards a carry and had a high game of 255 yards in the Comets' 8–6 win over Ballard Junior High.



AUDREY HICHAR
Fullerton, Pa.

Bowling in the Boulevard Junior Classic League, Audrey became the first girl under 21 in Pennsylvania to roll a 700 series. The Whitehall High senior, who also plays No. 1 for the girls' tennis team, had games of 266, 204 and 248.



ROSS WEBB
Sackville, Nova Scotia

A freshman soccer player at St. Mary's University in Nova Scotia, Webb scored 36 goals in 11 games to break the Canadian intercollegiate single-season record by 15 goals. He had single-game performances of four, six, seven and eight goals.



RICHEY RENEBERG
Houston

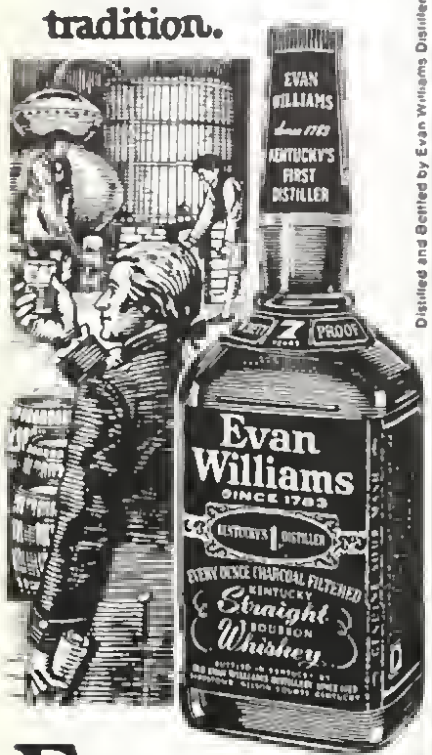
Richey defeated Eric Amend to win the U.S. Tennis Association National 12-and-under title. Earlier this year he won the USTA indoor, hard court and clay court titles, becoming the first player to sweep all four 12-and-under championships.

Evan Williams demanded quality, not quantity, at Kentucky's 1st Distillery

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19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY

Sir:

While reading my baseball encyclopedia, I realized that not only did the New York Yankees win the World Series this year to commemorate the 75th anniversary of baseball's most prestigious event, but they also won the 25th World Series (in 1928 over the Cardinals) and the 50th World Series (in 1953 over the Dodgers). This may be pure coincidence, but when the year 2003 rolls around and baseball celebrates its 100th World Series, I'll have to go with the Yankees.

ALAN SCHUTTE
Norfolk, Va

GOOD HEAVENS!

Sir:

In your Oct. 23 issue, Herman Weiskopf advises us that Jerome Heavens has "supplanted George Gipp as the top running back in Notre Dame history" (*An Upsetting Time for the Top Ten*).

Could this mean a break with tradition and that henceforth the Devine call to rally the team before leaving the locker room will be "Let's win one for Heavens' sake"?

BOB MACCARTEE
Coronado, Calif

LACROIX

Sir:

My thanks to Bruce Newman for his fine article on Andre Lacroix, the superb center of the New England Whalers (*Man on the Move*, Oct. 23). Lacroix was a major factor in helping the WHA achieve a 16–7–3 exhibition record against the NHL this season, once again showing that the WHA is just as exciting and competitive as the other league.

TOM SEALE
Columbiana, Ala

Sir:

Judging from Bruce Newman's article, it seems that the WHA's all-time leading scorer has found himself a permanent home here in New England, with a financially stable hockey club. The disasters that have accompanied Lacroix throughout his long career may finally cross Climax Road into the graveyard, eh?

GAYLE VEZINA
West Hartford, Conn

Sir:

In his otherwise fine article, Bruce Newman makes an unfortunate reference to "hockey's maddening rhetorical 'eh?' " It isn't *hockey's* rhetorical "eh?" It's *Canada's* rhetorical "eh?" If Newman will cultivate some Canadians other than the slap-shooting ones, he'll find that to be true.

Moreover, to call the expression "maddening" is gratuitous and snippy. Newman should consider how America's "you know?" sounds to Canadians. Eh?

ALEX VAUGHN
Old Lyme, Conn.

DOG PACKS

Sir:

I grew up in the wilderness of northern Maine, and I still remember the anger and, yes, even the horror I felt then when talk of dog packs running deer brought out .30-30s and .30-06s. I pass no judgment as to whether the dogs or the men were right or wrong—there are times when reason takes flight and instinct answers anger—but my sympathies lie with Jack Curtis, the author of your story *Horror in a High Country* (Oct. 23). I trust I will not be labeled inhumane or anticanine; I care a great deal for my own dog.

Curtis' story may not be the best you've published, but it ranks up there with such recent ones as William Humphrey's *Prodigy in a Puddle* (Sept. 18), Clive Gammon's *A Date with Nemesis* (Oct. 2) and all of Frank Deford's stuff. Sometimes I think you do as much for literature as you do for sport. Now, can you do something about inflation?

(THE REV.) GENE HENDERSON
Albany, N.Y.

Sir:

Horror in a High Country should be required reading for all dog owners who permit their pets to run free. It is a fine description of the pack instinct of some animals.

ROY D WILLIAMS
Dearborn, Mich.

Sir:

While I am not a hunter and do not approve of most forms of hunting, much less see it as a sport, I understand and approve of SI presenting something for everyone at some time. However, I fail to see the usefulness of printing this story and consider it in very poor taste. While it may be necessary to control dog packs, how does this fit into anyone's definition of sport? And if we assume that this story has a statement to make, which I question, is Jack Curtis saying that revenge is one of the reasons he enjoys hunting pet dogs? Does he mean to say that he has the right to control the dog population without respect to law and other important considerations? Are we readers to believe that he is advocating a return to "frontier law"?

I realize that Curtis' piece is fiction. However, writers attempt to create a reality, and this is one reality I'd rather not see in SI.

LARRY BERGMANN
Columbia, S.C.

continued

HARRY TRUMAN HAD A PROGRAM TO LOWER HEALTH CARE COSTS.



All his life, Mr. Truman firmly believed in taking brisk walks. Every day, no matter what, he marched along at the old infantry pace of 120 strides a minute.

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AMERICAN SOCCER

Sir:

I couldn't let Dave Hirshey's story on the Cosmos' postseason tour pass without comment (*Taken on the Grand Tour*, Oct. 9).

It isn't surprising to me that Hirshey would be waiting for the Cosmos in London following their poor showing in Germany. But it did surprise me that SI would run a story that cast the team and its tour in such a negative light before the final results were in.

The Cosmos went up against some of the world's top soccer clubs in Europe, and after their bad beginning, they broke even in their last four games, defeating Atlético Madrid and AEK Athens before losing to Red Star Belgrade and Galatasaray (Turkey). The final record of 3–5–1, although not quite the on-field success the Cosmos hoped for, was still anything but the failure Hirshey seems to imply. The Cosmos generated interest on the part of fans in the seven countries they visited, witness the attendance of 341,659 for the nine games, an average of 37,962.

After they lost three of their first four games, morale among the Cosmos was low and some of the players said things they might not have said had Hirshey waited to talk to them later in the tour. The victory over Atlético Madrid, a club that had defeated the Cosmos 3–1 at Giants Stadium on Sept. 4, deserved more than a one-paragraph mention. And what relevance does Krikor Yepremian's previous involvement with his brother Garo's tie business have to this particular story? Krikor was general manager of the Fort Lauderdale Strikers before he became the Cosmos' GM.

CHARLES B. ADAMS
Director of Public Relations
Cosmos
New York City

Sir:

I just wanted to bring to your attention the fact that one other North American Soccer League team was touring Europe at the same time as the Cosmos. Of course, this poor team of mostly American players from the plains of Oklahoma does not receive the attention of the worldly, wealthy Cosmos—but your readers may wish to compare the records of their respective European tours.

	W	L	T	For	Goals Against
Cosmos	3	5	1	18	30
Roughnecks	4	1	4	12	10

This was accomplished by an almost entirely American lineup against such teams as Glentoran, Ards and Portsmouth. Of the three shutouts, two were by rookie American Goalkeeper Darryl Wallace. In Tulsa's only loss, all five Glentoran goals were scored by 1978 Tulsa Roughnecks now playing for Glentoran.

So maybe next year you'll report on the tour of a hungry, winning club. Stay in touch. We even have a zip code in Tulsa now.

H. WARD LAY
President
Tulsa Roughnecks
Tulsa

KEEPING TABS ON GOOOE (CONT.)

Sir:

Failing to see how a man (and his computer) could even attempt to predict the winners and spreads over a full NFL season before that season had begun, I didn't take Bud Goode's picks seriously enough to check the results. However, after reading the 19TH HOLE (Oct. 16) and seeing the cheap shots taken at Goode, I checked his results for the seventh week. His accuracy amazed me. He picked 12 of 14 games correctly (86%), and 10 of the winners won by more than he predicted (the Giants defeated Tampa Bay by the *exact* three points determined by Goode)—a superb achievement even for someone forecasting as late as the day of the games.

EM (GATOR) LEWIS
Hudson Falls, N.Y.

GFL

Sir:

Thank you for your gracious coverage of the Gnational Football League (SCORECARD, Oct. 16). However, I feel I must clarify some misconceptions in order to protect my good name (which, by the way, was misspelled).

First, despite what the *Gnus* may say, I am not a "disciple of Woody Hayes," even though I am an Ohio State alumnus. Second, I am not the general manager of the Sonoma Geysers, as you say, I am the general manager of the Big Plum Pits. Third, it was the Pits who beat the Geysers, thanks to the "lateral perception" call (similar to the Immaculate Reception/Deception), hence, I had no reason to kick in anybody's mailbox. The mailbox caper was the product of the fertile imagination of GFL Commissioner and *Gnus* Editor Mike Carey. Fourth, there is no way I could be justifiably labeled the "criminal element" of the GFL, considering the other elements of the league.

Thanks for letting me correct the record.

RAND LINK
Sebastopol, Calif.

OAKLAND'S TRIPLE PLAY

Sir:

Thank you for your acknowledgment of the integrity of our players in your Oct. 9 article *It's Open Season on the Zebras* by Bill Johnson. We would, however, like to clarify once and for all exactly what Ken Stabler, Pete Banaszak and Dave Casper "confessed" to.

Stabler readily admits that he had every intention of throwing the ball away to save time on the clock and give us another chance for the score. A very fine play by the San Diego linebacker, Woodrow Lowe, prevented him from doing so, however, causing a fumble. Throwing the ball away to conserve time is considered a virtue and is completely legal in

continued

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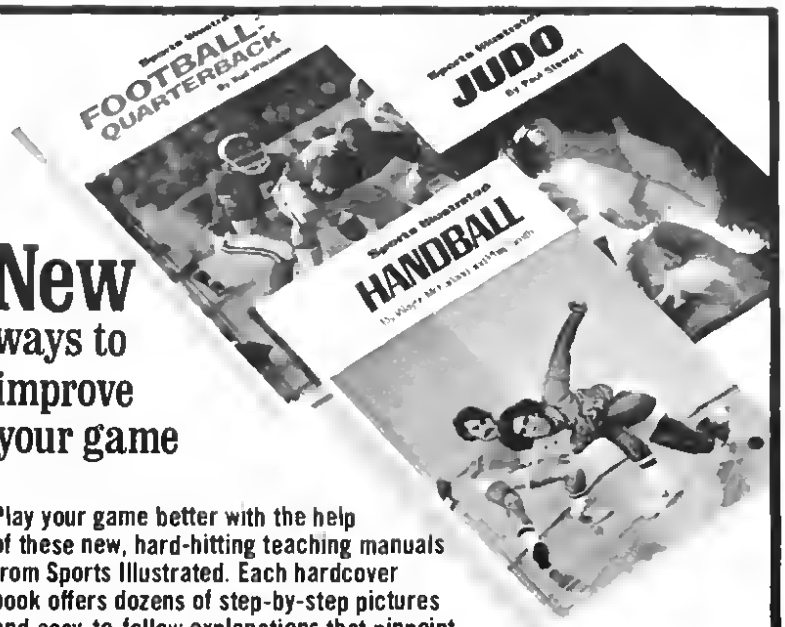
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The do-it-this-way books from **Sports Illustrated**

the National Football League. Although there is no way an official can read intent on such a play, Stabler's intent was legal.

As the ball rolled down the field, Banaszak did indeed try to scoop it up, but in so doing he accelerated the ball toward the goal line. This would be nearly impossible for an official to see, although Banaszak's actions were in violation of the rules.

Casper merely did what any player would try to do, *i.e.*, pick up the ball and run with it for the touchdown. Failing on his initial try to pick it up, he made the only play he could make—he fell on it. It was perfectly legal, and the officials made the only call they could make—a touchdown.

We appreciate your response to our players' honest and open remarks, and in the same spirit we hope you'll give our players equal time when they are honest about calls that are *not* favorable to us! Raymond Chester, for one example, was called for clipping on a play against New England which we scored on and which would have given us a commanding 21–0 lead. The touchdown was called back. Chester went on record as saying it was a "horrible" call (Mike Haynes of the Patriots agreed with Raymond), and in our judgment the films proved him completely correct. We eventually lost the game 21–14.

For a second example, Morris Bradshaw caught what everyone thought was the game winner versus Chicago on Oct. 1 with 20 seconds left on the clock, but an official ruled that Bradshaw was illegally in motion, nullifying the play. Bradshaw disagreed with that interpretation, and as far as we're concerned the films proved him right and the penalty wrong.

JOHN HERRERA
Administrative Assistant
The Oakland Raiders
Oakland, Calif.

Sir:

It has been said that the combination of Tinker to Evers to Chance was unparalleled, but I believe we have found its equal in Stabler to Banaszak to Casper!

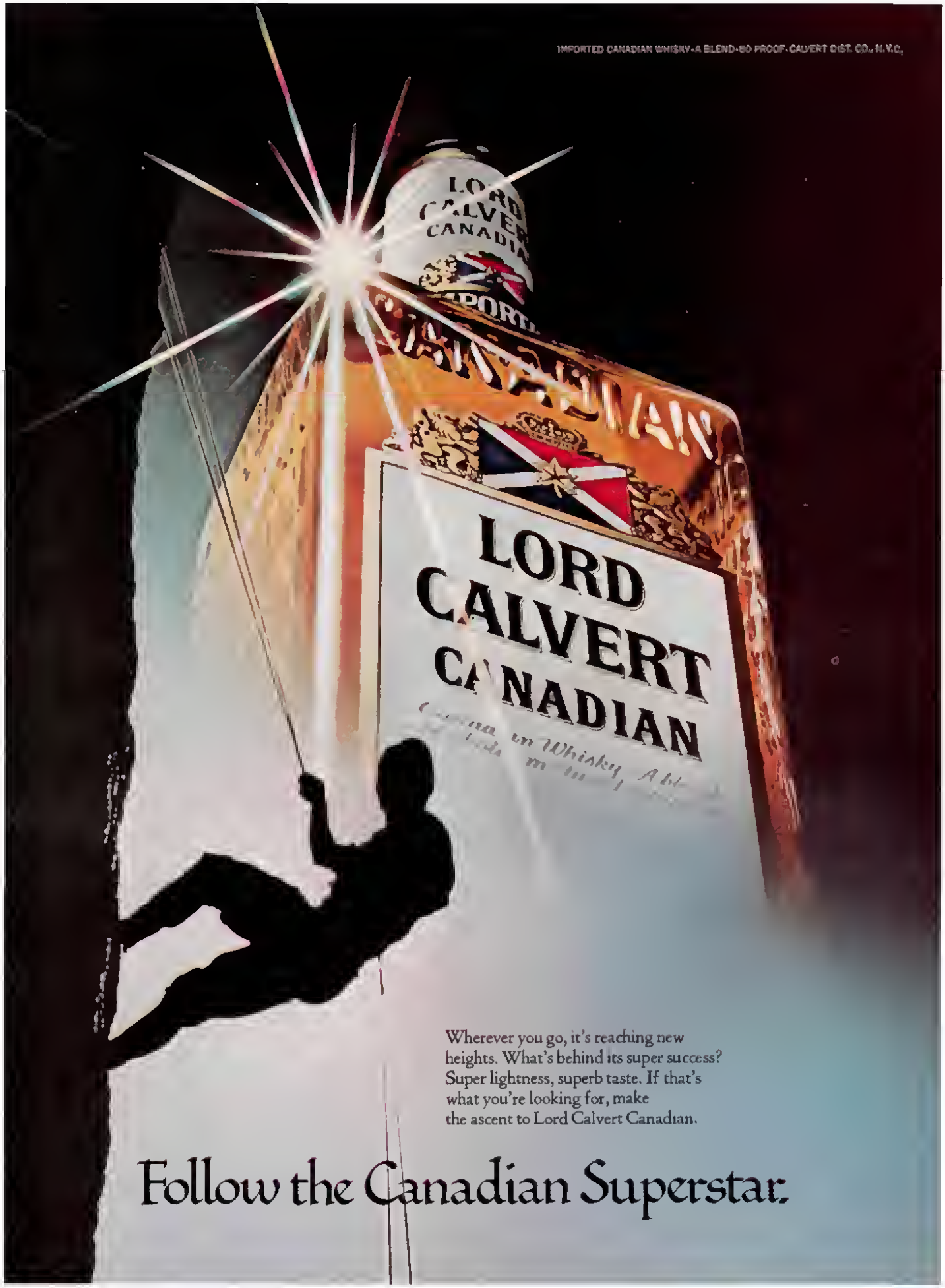
TIM DUFFNER
Euclid, Ohio

Sir:

Ever since I learned the rules of the game, I have wondered about the justification for the offensive team getting additional yardage from a forward fumble. For years I've expected teams to take advantage of this loophole in do-or-die situations. It would be fairer if the offensive team retained possession only from the spot of the fumble. This would eliminate disgusting endings such as in the Charger-Raider game.

DEAC DAVIS
New York City

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Results Confirm Taste Satisfaction

Confirmed: 85% of MERIT smokers say it was an "easy switch" from high tar brands

Confirmed: Overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers say their former high tar brands weren't missed!

Confirmed: 9 out of 10 MERIT smokers not considering other brands

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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers rate MERIT taste equal to—or better than—leading high tar cigarettes tested! *Cigarettes having up to twice the tar*

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MERIT
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.